# THE LIVING AGE

## *The World in Review*

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| An Old Saint (A Story) | *Elisabeth Myers* |



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# THE LIVING AGE

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# THE GUIDE POST

SINCE internal strain has often led nations into desperate courses abroad, we devote the first group of articles in this issue to an examination of Nazi Germany's mental and physical health. The *National-Zeitung* of Basel, from which we translate the article 'Will the Reichswehr Oust Hitler?' has the reputation on the Continent of being the best-informed foreign paper about affairs inside Germany. One of its German experts answers the mooted question of the Army's loyalty to the Nazi régime. [p. 8]

A professional writer on international affairs merely loses a certain amount of his own prestige when he misjudges conditions in a foreign country; but an investment banker injures the prestige of his house and the interests of its client-investors when he errs. So much by way of introduction to the survey of conditions in Germany, 'A Banker Sifts the Evidence,' by Alwyn Parker, who has been a Director of Lloyds Bank since 1919. Prior to that time he was in the British diplomatic service. His analysis is based not only on the confidential correspondence received by Lloyds, but also on an extended personal investigation in Germany. [p. 10]

PETER HUTTON did not go to Italy to get the stereotyped releases of the Fascist publicity department or the equally monotonous and meaningless glosses of high officials. His purpose was to take the pulse of the Italian people by getting the confidence of men and women of all classes, and then their reactions to the régime. The results of his observations and conversations on a 5,000-mile automobile tour are recorded in his 'Impressions in Italy.' [p. 18]

THE Spanish Civil War may be the 'running sore' in Europe's tortured body that some writers have called it, but Czechoslovakia continues to be the most likely scene of the next Sarajevo. In a group entitled 'Czechoslovakia on Tenterhooks,' two of the greatest authorities on Central and Eastern Europe discuss the difficulties facing the country that has been called 'a democratic island in a sea of Fascism.' Professor Arnold J. Toynbee, who needs no introduction, deals with 'Prague's Way with Minorities' in so frank a fashion that he has drawn 'replies' in several languages. We believe his article to be the most open-eyed one that has appeared on this, the 'sorest' spot in Europe. [p. 24]

Richard Freund, author of *Zero Hour*, finds the Czechs 'Awaiting "Der Tag",' and forecasts their strategy when Germany strikes. [p. 28]

ONE of the most hotly debated questions of the day is the justice and practicability of the British proposal to partition Palestine. In 'Palestine Forum' we offer the views of David Ben Gurion, outstanding Zionist leader, and H. St. John Philby, noted explorer, adviser to King Ibn Saud and himself a convert to Islam. [p. 31]

CAN we have discovered still another brilliant foreign writer for our American readers? Certainly Elisabeth Myers, whose short story, 'An Old Saint,' we reprint from the final issue of the *English Review*, shows extraordinary descriptive powers. [p. 35]

DURING the World War Great Britain was at one time reduced to a fourteen days' supply of food. The nation's peril is now much greater than it was in 1914, asserts Cloudesley Brereton in the article, 'Must Britain Starve in War?' which was written just before his death. [p. 48]

RENAUD DE JOUVENEL, besides being editor-in-chief of *Cahiers Bleus*, is a

(*Continued on page 94*)

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# THE LIVING AGE

*Founded by* E. Littell

In 1844

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# The World Over

SECRETARY HULL'S PROPOSAL that the nations of the world reaffirm the pledges they made in the Briand-Kellogg Pact was a fine, but futile gesture. The aggressor's conscience has not been touched, nor has his hand been stayed. Replies which the State Department has received reveal not so much the hypocrisy of certain Powers as their belief that their motives are noble. Did not Italy conquer Ethiopia for the sake of 'civilization' and permanent peace in East Africa? Have not Germany and Italy intervened in Spain to prevent Communism from disturbing the peace of Western Europe? Is not Japan marching into China to establish a more permanent peace in the Far East? All nations protest that they desire peace, although some of them, unfortunately, find that their conception of peace can be realized only by war.

It is a sad fact that the minds of the nations are not on peace but on war—when, between whom and how it will be fought. They will not seriously concern themselves with the grandiose ideals and rosy pledges of an era that suffered a stroke when Great Britain failed to support the United States after the Mukden Incident, clung feebly to life until Italy successfully defied the League and then expired. The League of Nations is now ignored in the calculations of the Great Powers. Disarmament is a dead issue. War—undeclared, of course—*is* an instrument


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of national policy and a score of nations are exhausting themselves in the effort to perfect their ability to use that instrument.

Since most of the world is resigned to the inevitable coming of another war, what can men of good will do to help avert the conflict? In the present circumstances, it seems, they can do almost nothing. There is, however, one highly constructive step that can be taken to relieve war of some of its horror. And it is one in which there is hope that Germany, Italy and Japan—the most-feared nations—will find it expedient to coöperate. This is the holding of a long overdue international conference for the limitation of air bombardment. At the Disarmament Conference there was a closer approach to agreement in this field than in any other. Had it stood alone a valuable pact might have been achieved, although the air menace was not then so clearly, or painfully, understood as it is now.

President Roosevelt, because of his prestige abroad and his neutral position in regard to European and Asiatic quarrels, should take the initiative in sponsoring the Air Conference. Its purpose should be the preparation of a convention in which the Powers would agree:—

1. *To prohibit the use of gas against civilian populations;*
2. *To prohibit, or limit, the use of gas against the armed forces of an enemy;*
3. *To redefine the legitimate objectives of bombing.*

The Air Conference should be followed immediately by another to make some provision for a matter which past experience has shown to be of great importance, namely, the question of bombing atrocities. We confess to optimism in hoping that out of this corollary conference would come a convention in which the powers would agree to the appointment by the International Red Cross of neutral commissions to each belligerent country immediately upon the outbreak of hostilities. These commissions, with which the signatories would be pledged to cooperate, would supervise the marking of hospitals and other sites that are to be spared and investigate both alleged abuses of markers and alleged atrocities.

In the first convention it would be wise expressly to permit each power to maintain such equipment of gas weapons as it deems necessary, to be held frankly for reprisal should some future enemy disregard his pledge. Freedom in this respect would avoid clandestine preparations, and charges and counter-charges in their connection.

The prospect that an Air Conference having limited objectives might achieve practical results arises not from the willingness of the powers to 'humanize' war but from the fact that they fear, or have good reason to fear, reprisal in kind if they use gas against civilian populations or even

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in warfare, or wantonly destroy unfortified towns. It is significant that neither side in Spain has yet used gas, even against enemy troops, although both are known to possess stocks of gas shells and bombs. The certainty of immediate reprisal is the answer, and in it we find hope for a general agreement.

---

SLOWLY BUT SURELY the Chautemps Government in France is approaching a crisis. It has already gone far to appease the financial interests in a scarcely successful effort to lure back the capital that has been sent abroad. And already the Socialists and Communists are dismayed at its progressive destruction of the Popular Front achievements. If many more concessions should be made to the 'Two Hundred,' even the semblance of a Popular Front will disappear with consequences that no one can foretell.

It is no secret that the Chautemps Cabinet is divided within itself and that the Communists in it are openly opposing the financial measures of Bonnet, who, they say, has retained a regrettable Rightist tendency from his past association with Laval. On the other hand the great financial interests are deaf to the wooing of Chautemps and Bonnet. They do not want concessions. What they want is the destruction of the Popular Front, and the return of M. Laval. On the other side, Max Dormoy, the Socialist Minister of Interior, is reported to have observed: 'If Parliament weren't on vacation, this bastard Ministry would be quickly overthrown.'

In the face of these dangers to the Chautemps Cabinet, under pressure from both Right and Left, Jules Romains has made a most eloquent appeal in the *Marianne*, the Paris liberal weekly. Peace in Europe, he warned, depends largely on the stability of France. Then he told Frenchmen, who profess their devotion to *la Liberté:*—

> We are not free to have bad finances. We are not free to change governments whenever we please. We are not free to go on strike whenever we are displeased. We are not free to wrangle amongst ourselves. All these abuses of freedom are not simply our own affairs, but directly concern the peace of Europe.

This is wise advice for France, and for other democracies as well. But we doubt that it will be taken to heart. Frenchmen still seem bent on evading taxation; powerful groups desire to oust the present government; the strike of capital continues and the great labor syndicates are bitter. There is still the familiar factional wrangling. Meanwhile, France's great neighbors on the Continent watch expectantly for a chance to profit from her weakness.

---

GREAT BRITAIN, as we have remarked before, is in a divided mind about Spain, as she is about most sectors of her foreign policy. The

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British are a sentimental people and it is probable that the majority, while desiring to keep out of war, are convinced of the justice of the Loyalist cause. This viewpoint is strengthened by warnings in the influential Liberal and Labor press of the dangers of a Fascist Spain to France and to British communications. In the opposite camp are the Conservative press and its followers, who detest Communism and fear that a Red Spain will expropriate the vast British interests in the peninsula. The British public and the outside world little realize the pressure that has undoubtedly been brought to bear on the Government by the City of London to do nothing that might prevent General Franco's eventual victory.

Torn between these conflicting voices, it is not surprising that the Government's policy, in Mr. Chamberlain's words, has 'been consistently directed to one aim and one aim only—namely, to maintain the peace of Europe by confining war to Spain.' And not only peace, but peace 'at *almost* any price,' in the significant words of Mr. Eden. But since British policy is normally guided by the City's advice, we expect that a way will be found to aid the Rebel cause more directly. The attempt to patch up the friendship with Italy is an indication that such a decision may not be long delayed.

It can hardly be denied that the British investor's fears are well grounded; indeed, they are not comprehensive enough. A Loyalist victory, even if it results in a Socialist and not a Communist régime, would soon be followed by the nationalization of foreign enterprises, with or without partial compensation. This process, without compensation, has already been begun in Loyalist territory. The British investor, however, is not sufficiently aware that his stake in Spain is endangered by Franco's commitments to Germany and Italy and by the possibility that a Fascist government will forbid the withdrawal of his profits, as is now the case in Germany. Nevertheless, he believes in Franco's professions of respect for capital, and sees in a Rebel victory his only chance of salvaging his investment. As we see it, he stands to lose all, or nearly all, whatever the outcome. His viewpoint is important because it has so often in the past determined British policy.

---

FOR MORE than two years Germany has been rather like the private debtor who buys an expensive automobile but protests that he cannot pay his rent, and keeps a large savings account in his wife's name while wailing that he is penniless. In short, Germany has been paying to her creditors only a fraction of the amounts due them while finding the means to finance her vast rearmament. Her exchange difficulties are due in a considerable measure, of course, to the preoccupation of her industry with armaments. The continuance of rearmament, together with the

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high prices of raw materials, may force Dr. Schacht to draw upon Germany's secret hoard of some $190,000,000 in gold ('the savings account'), the existence of which he has constantly denied at meetings of the Standstill creditors.

An analysis of this secret gold reserve was made recently by the financial expert of the London *Daily Herald*, who finds that the first big increase was in 1935, when Soviet Russia settled the commercial debts of previous years in gold. These Russian payments never appeared in the official returns, and 'were obviously transferred to the secret reserve.' There was another large increase in the first half of this year, resulting from the law of October 23, 1936, which compelled all Germans to put their foreign assets at the disposal of the Reichsbank. The German Government has sold these assets for foreign exchange, repaying the German owners in Reichsmarks, and a part of the proceeds has been used to purchase gold. In addition to the secret reserve there is the officially recorded gold reserve of the Reichsbank, amounting to about $27,000,000, so that the Government has at its disposal more than $200,000,000 in gold. Will Herr Schacht's fertile brain devise some new exchange device that will enable him to avoid tapping the 'war chest?'

---

MORE THAN one-third of Germany is now closed to any except German military aviation. Certain areas are excluded for military reasons or because they are 'dangerous' to commercial and private aircraft. Among them are a dozen radio stations, 40 shooting ranges, dikes, munitions plants and the estates of the National Socialist leaders. The entire North Sea coast of Germany and the islands of Heligoland, Borkum, Norderney and Wangeroog are prohibited to air traffic. Still other districts are closed for limited periods: Nuremberg during the Party Convention, routes visited by the Führer and areas in which maneuvers are being held. Commercial and foreign private planes must follow certain 'air corridors,' cross the German frontier at specified points and keep Reich radio stations informed of their movements. So great is the fear of espionage from the air that most of the Continental Powers, and Japan as well, have imposed restrictions similar to those in Germany.

---

GREAT BRITAIN'S little war against the Fakir of Ipi in Waziristan, on the Indian Northwest Frontier, affords an excellent example of how an unfettered Opposition press can serve as a nation's conscience. The London *Daily Herald* recently presented an audit of the Wazir War, in which 37,000 British and Indian troops have been in action against a fraction of their number of armed tribesmen:—

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| *Debit* | *Credit* |
|---|---|
| £1,000,000 cost of campaign, estimated at £8,000 a day | Safety for British political officers (2 murdered this year) |
| 30 British soldiers killed | End of ambushes of British forces and attacks against military communications |
| 73 British soldiers wounded | |
| 141 Indian troops killed | |
| 407 Indian troops wounded | |
| 750 Tribesmen killed | Suppression of raids into British protected areas, with kidnapping and destruction of life and property. There have been 29 such raids; 31 kidnapped, 10 Hindus killed |
| 700 Tribesmen wounded | |
| 10 Villages destroyed or damaged by bombing to make them uninhabitable as a penalty for specific outrages | Strategic roads built which also open up commercial possibilities |

The *Daily Herald* points out that the credit side is tentative, as it is dependent on the success of the campaign, and that the Fakir is still at large. 'Even little wars,' it declares editorially, 'do not come without cause. Those million pounds are being wasted, 1,000 lives are being lost and destruction is being wrought because Indian frontier policy has failed. What is needed is not more war, but a new policy.' This intelligent criticism may avail nothing at the moment, but it does inform the citizenry of the Government's failure to find a peaceful alternative to the use of force, and of the cost of such failure. The citizen can take these facts into consideration at the polls in choosing his new leaders. But only in a democracy. The thin-skinned dictatorships have extinguished their consciences, made criticism treason and proclaim all their wars holy.

---

IN LATIN AMERICA, two semi-dictators, President Justo of Argentina and President Vargas of Brazil, are planning to rule through puppets since their respective Constitutions do not permit their reëlection. The results of the Argentine elections should be known soon after this issue reaches our subscribers, but there seems little doubt that Roberto Ortiz, the candidate of the Justo machine, will be the victor over former President Alvear. The latter's chances have been hurt by the failure of all the Opposition parties to form a Popular Front in his support and by changes in the electoral law which President Justo's majority has enacted in order to insure its continuance in power. Another factor favoring the 'ins' is the phenomenal prosperity which the country is now enjoying.

We note with regret that the Argentine Government has suppressed *Claridad*, which for fifteen years has been the foremost liberal monthly review in Latin America. The reason for this action was *Claridad's* appeal for the formation of a Popular Front against candidate Ortiz. We sincerely hope that when the heat of the election has passed,

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the new administration will relent and once more permit this excellent review to represent liberal thought and letters in Spanish America.

There is a chance that President Vargas's attempt to rule Brazil after he has gone out of office may result in civil war. General Flores da Cunha, the redoubtable gaucho President of the State of Rio Grande do Sul, who was largely responsible for President Vargas's rise to power in 1930, is said to desire the Federal Presidency himself. He has declared openly that he will use force to prevent President Vargas from perpetuating his control. Can the latter's request for the 'loan' of six old destroyers from the United States be connected with the threat of revolt in Rio Grande do Sul?

---

TEN DAYS BEFORE the Marco Polo Bridge clash, which marked the beginning of the hostilities between China and Japan, a Chinese journalist wrote an article entitled 'Why Shouldn't China Fight Japan Now?' While China's list of grievances against Japan is long, she is not ready to undertake a fight to the finish with the efficient war machine of Nippon, and her patriotic press may have done her a tragic disservice by its over-confident demand that Nanking take the sword.

The Japanese press has been as little inclined as the Chinese to urge a peaceful settlement. A few quotations make the Japanese attitude crystal-clear:—

> Japan as the stabilizing force in East Asia is destined to do something in the near future to demonstrate her mission. (Tokyo *Hochi*)
>
> It is necessary to teach China a lesson. (Osaka *Mainichi*)
>
> The Japanese people need a much stronger policy; severe punishment meted out to China would be in the interest of the peace of East Asia. (Tokyo *Miyako*)
>
> . . . to lead the Japanese Army, in justice and righteousness, to chastise the outrageous Chinese. (General Katsuki's statement of his purpose upon arriving at Tientsin to take command.)

Japan, it seems, has a mission—a Brown Man's Burden that is asserted at least as arrogantly as the White Man's Burden.

Severe fighting does not necessarily mean a fight to the finish, and settlements are sometimes reached after thousands of lives have been lost. Barring foreign intervention, which is China's chief hope, Japan will win whether the war be short or long. Early Chinese successes against Nippon's bluejackets mean nothing. And the bill which Japan is preparing will be heavy. Once more she will plead her costs in 'blood and treasure' and impose terms calculated to cripple China for a decade. The greatest danger to the general peace will arise if Japan attempts to blockade the ports of South China in order to intercept the arms and munitions that Dr. Kung has been purchasing so lavishly in Europe.

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The 'Reichswehr Myth' is explained and exploded; and the effects and prospects of Nazi economic policy are discussed by a British banker.

# German Realities

## I. Will the Reichswehr Oust Hitler?

*By* K.

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

EVER since Adolf Hitler came into power in Germany it has been rumored that he governed by the sufferance of the Reichswehr, and that in their good time the Army leaders would oust him and either restore the Monarchy or set up a military dictatorship. This is the so-called 'Reichswehr Myth.' Nurtured mainly by the opponents of the present German régime, it is based upon a boundless faith in the will and ability of the high Prussian soldiers some day to put an end to the Brown Dictatorship. The book, *I Cannot Keep Silent*, which appeared a year ago, expresses this pious hope for Germany's salvation by the Reichswehr. More recently another book, entitled *The Hitler Myth*, likewise foresees the creation of a new German Reich through the intervention of the Army.

It is obvious that a devout and hopeful respect for the Prussian generals is still deeply rooted even in the former German Left and Center. The hope that the National Socialist Party dictatorship will be terminated by the Reichswehr really springs from a deep spiritual and moral resignation on the part of the elements that are secretly opposed to National Socialism. There is an inextinguishable belief among Germans in a 'Savior' who with one stroke will erase all the difficulties and horrors of the present and bring in the millennium. This 'Savior' is invariably endowed with a uniform. Twelve years ago the aged Field-Marshal Von Hindenburg was placed at the head of the Reich in the hope that he would 'save' it; a few years later Brüning, the 'front-line lieutenant,' was supposed to be the 'Savior'; then the ecstatic hopes of the people turned toward the 'unknown corporal,' Adolf Hitler. And today the hopes of

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the disappointed are directed toward an unknown Reichswehr general who is expected some day to liberate the German people overnight from the burdens of the totalitarian State.

This belief in a Reichswehr myth, which is widespread in Europe, is based on a twofold error: it neglects the fact that National Socialism is the offspring of the Prussian military spirit and it fails to recognize that the National Socialist Party and the German Reichswehr are welded together because of their common ultimate aims. It is now known that the *Illustrierte Beobachter*, from which emerged Herr Hitler's *Völkische Beobachter*, was owned by Army interests. There was an even more direct link between Hitler and the Reichswehr since he was a paid instructor for the new Reichswehr formations during the early years of the Weimar Republic.

It was always the Reichswehr that actually determined German post-War policy. The democratic Republic was accepted as long as there was nothing better to replace it, and although the pacifist ideals of the Weimar Constitution were very distasteful to the leading generals, in practice the Republic always did what the Prussian military wanted. Thus the famous 'stab-in-the-back' legend was nothing but an attempt to stifle doubts about the semi-divinity of the Prussian generals. The German people could not be allowed to believe that Prussian generals had ever suffered a major defeat. They had to be persuaded, at all costs, that the victory was not lost because the General Staff had vastly under-estimated the enemy's strength in the offensives of 1917 and 1918, but because the people, in revolting, had acted contrary to the will of the Prussian generals.

To post-War Germany the Reichswehr appeared as a sphinx; its symbol and its leader was Colonel-General von Seeckt. No one knew in whom and in what he believed. Some particularly naïve Republicans and Democrats seriously hoped that their own pacifism might some day penetrate into Reichswehr circles. Now, however, those who believe that the Reichswehr will some day on its own initiative put an end to the National Socialist dictatorship fail to realize what the Reichswehr really wants and what are its political aims. In reality, all that has happened in Germany is the fulfillment of an old dream of the Prussian military: the entire nation lined up on the drill ground for the needs of war; the submission of all education to military needs; the uniforming of the entire nation and the degradation of the civilian into a ridiculous figure. Above all, the entire national wealth has been placed at the disposal of the war machine. The Prussian military have not forgotten the annoyance of having had to answer the inquiries of ordinary civilians in the Reichstag about individual items of the military budget. Why should the German Reichswehr wish to terminate a State in which the soldier and his wishes are placed above everything else?

## II

Those who believe in the Reichswehr myth claim that the leading generals are ill at ease because of the growing dissatisfaction among the masses, and that they are on the lookout for an opportunity to transform the present State into a legal State. Yet the War clearly demonstrated that the Army leadership utterly lacked

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the ability to break the swift descent into the abyss.

For some time it was rumored that the Reichswehr had resisted the introduction of the 'Aryan Clause' in the new army. Yet it has now been ruthlessly put into effect. It was also claimed that the Army opposed the Party's determination to overpower the Churches. Here too the believers in the Reichswehr myth have lately quieted down considerably. The Reichswehr leadership gave conspicuous notice that no military delegations were to participate in this year's Corpus Christi processions, while a recent decree of the Minister of War expressly admitted Ludendorff's anti-Christian writings to all barrack libraries.

The extent to which the Reichswehr has made moral considerations secondary to the rearmament and militarization of the German people was tragically and irrefutably illustrated by the fact that it made no attempt to avenge the shooting of the innocent General Schleicher and his wife and the equally innocent Colonel Bredow. It was satisfied with a private exoneration of those highly placed officers, whom the Nazis had publicly denounced. This course was irreconcilable with the former German conception of military honor. Finally, those who contend that the Reichswehr is compelled for the time being to 'keep its sword sheathed' seem to accept the quaint moral concept that anyone can honorably 'keep his sword sheathed' in the face of deeds of violence on the part of his fellow citizens.

In contrast to the followers of the Reichswehr myth, we believe that the aims of National Socialism and the ultimate aims of the Reichswehr coincide. Their common aim is complete rearmament, even at the risk of complete exhaustion. Such complete rearmament would be senseless, were German foreign policy to be content with the adjustment of Germany in the framework of present-day Europe. The ultimate aims of both the Reichswehr and the Party are far more ambitious than that. In an article in the Viennese publication, *Christlicher Ständestaat*, there appeared the following significant sentence: '"The myth of the Reichswehr" is actually the "myth of Prussia"; the rebirth of Germany will not come from Prussia.'

To believe in the Reichswehr myth is to renounce the hope that some day, out of the creative depths of the German people, out of its intellectual and moral reserves, there may grow the strength to transform the Nazi-Military dictatorship into a State of law and to regain its honorable place among the great European nations.

## II. A Banker Sifts the Evidence

*By* Alwyn Parker

From the *Lloyds Bank Monthly Review*, London

OUTSIDE Germany there is a tendency to under-estimate the strains and over-estimate the chances of critical troubles in the Third Reich. German 'collapses' have been talked of ever since the War. Undoubtedly, the inflation of 1919–23 and the banking panic of 1931 were serious crises, but

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there was a speedy recovery from both. Today even a crisis cannot be spoken of, but strain is present and it is likely to increase.

The strain which has been imposed on the Reich since 1932 closely resembles that imposed on Russia since 1917. Both countries chose to embark on vast civil and military reconstruction works. In both the stock of capital was small. By means of credit and currency measures, both obtained capital out of the current income of the population, virtually by enforced saving. The standard of living has been depressed, or at least has been prevented from rising. Nearly all the various strains which the German population feels are due directly or indirectly to this process. Domestic privations and restrictions upon economic activity are officially justified almost daily on the ground that sacrifices must be made for 'the national cause.' They arise inevitably from the excessive public investment for purposes which are permanently unproductive or which will be productive only after many years.

The process has been one of using-up, and persons within Germany who predict a collapse declare that it will come when there is nothing left to use up. The reduction of national stocks of foodstuffs, raw materials and manufactured goods is only one side of the question. Inroads have been made on private financial resources, and the national stock of these has been depleted. Yet it is officially intimated that still more sacrifices are impending.

Then there is the moral strain, for which the universal regulation of business is largely responsible. It involves a great deal of work, unpleasantness and fear; it exposes men and women to bullying, molestation and persecution. Complaints are also rather widespread that it tends to check initiative and to warp that creative imagination which has always been claimed as a marked German characteristic and a treasured possession.

The bureaucracy is inevitably more bureaucratic than before and displays no fear of the implications of its methods. Bureaucratic work occupies the semi-officialdom of numerous new Estates and Public Corporations—the Nutrition Estate, the Organization of German Business, the German Labor Front, etc.—the staffs of businesses which have to observe State requirements and many individual citizens. One commercial bank, for example, employs 500 officials to deal with foreign-exchange regulations alone.

The manufacturer cannot get his ration of raw materials except on application, which must be accompanied by data of past consumption, present stocks, proof of orders, etc. The importer can never, and the exporter can seldom, initiate a deal without going through innumerable formalities.

The industrial workman must keep a work-book, while the farmer, under a recent decree, must keep otherwise unnecessary records for official inspection. The regulations about shop competition fill 700 closely printed pages. The householder must keep margarine, bacon and fat cards as in war time.

The Government has no other means of enforcing its system of vetoes, permits and restrictions than by punishing transgressors; and nearly all industrial, commercial and financial

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transactions for which prior official permission has not been obtained are criminal offenses. The Courts have ruled that private citizens who pay more for necessaries than the decreed prices are punishable equally with profiteers. And proceedings before the highest Courts show that even the expert officials are not clear as to the meaning of many of the prevailing regulations. Another subtle strain is imposed by the political organization, which requires so much assembling, marching and demonstrating.

II

The material strain probably falls hardest on the poorer part of the population. Industrial profits and dividends and agricultural profits have risen so substantially, if official surveys are correct, that the rise in the price of consumption goods matters little to their beneficiaries. But real wages have not risen at all, wage advances being forbidden, while the cost of living to working class families has risen very much. After the wage earners in industry, the independent petty industrialists and *Handwerker* have perhaps suffered most. It is difficult for them to attend to the regulations about permits and rations, for which large industrial concerns can keep special staffs. Small independents and craftsmen obtain with difficulty, or not at all, the smallest rations of every material from iron to leather. Many have been compelled to liquidate their businesses, and in June, 1937, it was learned that 5,000 craftsmen, alleged to have lost their ability to earn a living, had agreed to become wage earners. The authorities are encouraging skilled independent workers to become wage earners in those armaments and raw materials industries in which a labor shortage prevails.

In the same way the petty retail traders are suffering. An official journal announced last winter that 700,000 small businesses of this kind would be compelled to wind up. Their plight is due to the official limitation on profit margins and to the many other restrictions.

The last two developments indicate the hand-to-mouth nature of official policy. National Socialist ideology expressly favored the petty industrialists and petty traders as against capitalistic manufacturers and department stores. But when an emergency arises the first expedient that promises relief is resorted to. Instead of protecting the small entrepreneurs, they have allowed them to go to the wall.

Those who predict breakdown refer to the shortage of raw materials, or of labor; to the possibility of a cyclical reaction in business, or of a reaction caused by contraction of State work-creation and rearmament, and of a failure to maintain industrial equilibrium; to acute foreign-trade or foreign exchange troubles; to State insolvency, etc. Most of these factors are closely connected.

It is not likely that industry, apart from the manufacture of export goods, will be very severely hampered by a shortage of raw materials. It is true that stocks are low, but the output of basic raw materials, such as iron, steel, cement, etc., is greater than sufficed for earlier periods of high industrial activity. The Government can restrict export, which is still very considerable. In an emergency, import could probably be increased and paid for out of the unrevealed reserve of foreign exchange

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which almost certainly exists. Moreover, once the initial rearmament equipment has been created, the maintenance and renovation of defense should absorb a relatively small quantity of materials.

A labor shortage can hardly trouble industry as a whole, though it might retard particular branches. The present shortage exists mainly in building and iron and steel, and the Government has considerable powers to divert labor locally and from one branch to another.

As to the possibility of foreign-trade and foreign-exchange troubles, the Government can always fall back on the device of cutting down payments on the debt service still further.

Industrial activity may indeed decline owing to normal cyclical causes, or because State work-creation and rearmament cease. It was certainly not the original National Socialist notion that industry would be kept permanently active by these State incentives; but it did have the notion that cyclical fluctuations would be prevented by government control. The Party economists believed that once a high level of activity had been brought about by State investment the same activity would be maintained, although the industrial center of gravity would be transferred to consumers' goods. The National Socialist Government, like the Russian, claimed to have eliminated the factors that in capitalistic countries lead to cyclical trade fluctuations.

Two years ago it was stated that industry would soon have to look after itself. Even rearmament activity would slacken. But it does not seem that industry has yet reached the stage of self-motion. At this juncture comes the State-devised Four Years' Plan for rapidly increasing the domestic production of raw materials. It seems, therefore, that industrial activity will continue, mainly upon a capital goods basis.

III

A financial collapse of the State is difficult to envisage. For current expenditure the Reich can count on a continuing high tax revenue. German taxpayers are very honest, and the collection of taxes is remarkably efficient. But if the Reich chooses to continue spending in excess of tax revenue, it can seemingly for a long time practice Dr. Schacht's methods of controlled inflation without worse results than a certain aggravation of the strain on the population.

Certain it is that if the Reich needs money to cover Budget deficits, or for further capital investment, money can be obtained. The system involves a certain degree of inflation, which is practicable, however, because the Reichsmark is purely an internal currency, and because of the strict control of foreign payments.

Let us freely note that unemployment in Germany has fallen from six millions to well under one; that out-of-work benefit and emergency relief have dropped in a very gratifying degree; that home industry, especially in the heavy trades, is generally active and on the increase; that the exports of German coal in the first quarter of 1937 exceeded those of Great Britain; that the balance sheets of the great shipping companies show considerable improvement and that the Deutsche Lufthansa Company reports the number of passengers carried by air in 1936 increased by 41½ per cent; that the

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great banks are now more liquid and have all now resumed the payment of dividends; that the time-honored technical efficiency of the German is unimpaired and still serves as a norm for the world; that huge factories are rising up to replace by synthetic processes the necessities formerly imported from abroad; that the consolidation of short-term Government debt into middle-term loans is now proceeding apace and in growing amounts; that the Reich revenue totaled 911 million marks in April, 1937, as against 780 million marks for the corresponding month of 1936; that the total declared debt of the Reich, apart from the cost of armaments and public works, does not exceed the low sum of two years' revenue; that there is a sufficiency of capital at low interest rates for all State-favored enterprise based on internal currency; that the nerves of the Government are new-strung; that in every department of the financial and economic administration the influence of a vigorous mind is perceptible.

Dr. Schacht controls domestic production and consumption, and the migration of men and women within the borders of Germany. He controls all imports and exports, habitually resorting to exchange manipulation; he controls the whole mechanism of lending and borrowing, and he acts on the empirical process of trial and error, for the problems which confront him from week to week are many and complex and very mutable. But he has never slurred over difficulties nor tried to pretend that rough is smooth.

Yet, in spite of all this, Germany is far behind her capabilities, not because her working population works too little, but because so large a proportion of her people are engaged in unproductive work and in piling up overhead charges; because so large a proportion of her resources remains dormant or is misdirected without due regard to her ultimate welfare; because her present economic constitution is so little adapted to developing her latent powers.

Defense is admittedly more important than opulence, yet in defense the financial factor may prove decisive. If we want to regard the whole problem of self-sufficiency in its true proportions we should inquire what is the rational, and what the maximum, utilization of the country's resources. To raise bamboos in German hothouses or soya beans in Unter den Linden under an army of interfering officials and in pursuit of the self-sufficiency of Berlin would justly be scouted as a *reductio ad absurdum* when site values in the metropolis are reviewed. But this is after all only a question of degree. Once we close our eyes to climatic and geological variations, or to the very real advantages of a division of international labor, or to relative costs of production, we become so hypnotized by the conception of self-sufficiency and State regulation that we approach very close to pure mysticism. Yet economic truths have a way of enforcing themselves and may be trusted to prevail.

IV

Germany's departure from her maximum productivity has been considerable, the speed of her general economic development has been greatly retarded, and the development of her potential wealth has so far been very seriously sacrificed. There is a fifth and superflous wheel to every industrial,

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agricultural and commercial coach in the land.

No country, not even the richest in the world, would be able to pursue the policies Germany has sought to carry out without placing a very severe strain upon the whole economic structure. Dr. Schacht has ascribed her difficulties to an inadequate supply of raw materials, and has associated the deficiency with the question of the former German colonies. His conclusions have been critized on the ground that they do not follow from the assumptions which he habitually implies but seldom expressly states. Not unless those colonies had been the island home of the Swiss Family Robinson could they yield such miraculous returns as self-sufficiency postulates.

The conception of self-sufficiency makes a dazzling appeal to many minds, but unless hard facts can be removed by soft words it is proving in some important respects a scheme of wasteful makeshifts, illusory compensations and dislocated expedients. Germany has admittedly made a remarkable recovery in employment; but the recovery is almost universal and is not peculiar to Germany, where a great deal of wealth has been split all around and quite unnecessarily.

The plans of the German Government are designed quite deliberately to supplant the institutions of the free market, yet the incoherence of these plans is so conspicuous that they can hardly escape criticism. In the sphere of agriculture and the food of the people, the touchstones of Germany's true prosperity, the authorities have been foiled by poor harvests in three successive years; by increasing the area of land under flax at prodigious cost they have reduced the area under linseed and reduced the yield of flax per acre; they have been driven to buy foreign cereals and have negotiated their purchases in repeated instances with a minimum of skill. Early in 1937, for instance, they paid to a neighboring State $1.80 per bushel for wheat when the price on the world market at Rotterdam was only $1.10. They postponed most of their purchases abroad until commodity prices had steeply risen; they made purchases of lard in the Balkans at a far higher price than the quotations in Chicago; they acquired cotton under clearing agreements with Turkey at 30 per cent above American or Egyptian prices.

Passing from agriculture and foodstuffs to minerals, let us take but a single example—iron ore. With the rise in commodity prices Germany is no longer able to acquire easily in the open market such an essential raw material for munitions as Swedish iron ore; the Swedes naturally find prompt cash payment far preferable to the less liquid German modes of remuneration through the medium of cumbersome and sticky clearing agreements. Germany has therefore been driven to acquire a controlling interest in the Swiss mine of Herznach near Laufenburg, which had lain derelict for many a long year and was deemed hopelessly unremunerative. The ore content is only 28 per cent, and it costs three or four times as much as the Swedish commodity to smelt.

Summing up the tangible results of self-sufficiency we find that eighteen years after the World War the German Government has been driven to introduce ration cards for bacon and lard and butter and margarine; that the internal price-level of food has

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risen and, in spite of certain increases in money wages, real wages have not risen; and that the fiscal system and National Socialist Party contributions take too heavy a toll of the German national income to be economically healthy.

The root trouble of self-sufficiency is not merely that it cannot be achieved; its evils are far-reaching inasmuch as it involves a dislocation of the mechanism of international exchange, a cessation of foreign investment, the continued maladjustment in the distribution of gold, and a wasteful utilization of the world's resources in a world which is still, owing to the folly of man, very poor. The German internal price level is often higher than that of Germany's industrial competitors, and her exports, except certain specialized products, have to be cheapened by devices which nearly all rebound upon the unfortunate home consumer. Only by refusing to raise the level of her real wages and by other expedients can Germany now compete abroad.

V

The present juncture seems extraordinarily opportune for Germany to make a change of direction. A great stock of munitions and armaments must by now have been built up in the country. Surely a larger proportion of raw materials can be utilized henceforth in the production of export goods for which the demand, against ready payment and in foreign exchange, is large.

Heavy banks of cloud hang over Europe. The only chance of a definite rift in them lies in an Anglo-German compact of amity and friendship. One of the greatest obstacles to such an agreement is Germany's demand for colonies, which has been linked up by Dr. Schacht, though not convincingly, with Germany's present difficulties in obtaining raw materials. In time of war Germany cannot be certain of any adequate supply of raw materials from overseas unless she dominates the sea lanes; in time of peace her economic need is for foreign exchange which she can readily acquire in return for the export of her own manufactured goods, so as to be able to purchase raw materials in the cheapest market, whatever their origin. If Germany actually owned territories overseas she might embrace them in her own closed economy, debar them and foreign nations from the advantages now derived from the free interchange of their goods, and make some of her own purchases of raw materials there through the medium of her internal currency. The inhabitants of the overseas regions concerned, and many other peoples, would thus be saddled with major economic disabilities, solely in order that Germany might secure raw materials by the cumbrous, costly and wholly needless expedient of a closed internal currency.

No clear case has been made out by Germany for the return of her former Colonies, either on economic or legal grounds. Moreover, the problem has many other aspects: it raises issues affecting the wishes and interests of the inhabitants concerned; its imperial and international aspects are difficult; and it cannot be solved without regard to vital considerations of strategy, present and prospective. Yet Germany's pride and self-respect were purblindly wounded by the treatment she received in 1919, and an examina-

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tion of some moderate colonial settlement coupled with proper safeguards ought not to be allowed to come to grief on an intractable incapacity for compromise, provided Germany does not confuse what she would like to have with what it is possible for her to get.

## Two Armies

*By* Stephen Spender

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

Deep in the winter plain two armies
Dig their machinery to destroy each other.
Men freeze and hunger. No one is given leave
On either side, except the dead and wounded.
These have their leave while new battalions wait
On time at last to bring them violent peace.

All have become so nervous and so cold
That each man hates the cause and distant words
Which brought him here, more terribly than bullets.
Once a boy hummed a popular marching song,
Once a novice hand flapped their salute;
The voice was choked, the lifted hand fell
Shot through the wrist by those of his own side.

From their numb harvest all would flee, except
For discipline drilled once in an iron school
Which holds them at the point of a revolver.
Yet when they sleep, the images of home
Ride wishing horses of escape
Which herd the plain in a mass unspoken poem.

Finally they cease to hate: for although hate
Bursts from the air and whips the earth like hail
Or pours it up in fountains to marvel at
And although hundreds fall, who can connect
The inexhaustible anger of the guns
With the dumb patience of these tormented animals?

Clean silence drops at night when a little walk
Divides the sleeping armies, each
Huddled in linen woven by remote hands.
When the machines are stilled, a common suffering
Whitens the air with breath and makes both one
As though these enemies slept in each other's arms.

Only the lucid friend to aërial raiders,
The brilliant pilot moon, stares down
Upon the plain she makes a shining bone
Cut by the shadows of many million bones.
Where amber clouds scatter on no man's land
She regards death and time throw up
The furious words and minerals which kill life.

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Italy in 1937 through the eyes and ears of an alert British journalist.

# Impressions *in* Italy

*By* PETER HUTTON

From the *Nineteenth Century and After*
London Independent Monthly

'DUCE-Duce-Duce.' This is probably the first thing the visitor will see as he enters Italy, the words plastered in letters two or three feet high on the wall of some garden or house, or perhaps on a railway embankment. Next come texts from the great man's speeches, painted for permanence on the walls of houses everywhere—heavy black letters on a white ground. '*Noi sogniamo l'Italia Romana—Mussolini*' ('We dream of Roman Italy'); '*Tireremo diritto—Mussolini*' ('We will hold on our course'); '*Chi non è pronto a morire per la sua fede non è degno di professarla—Mussolini*' ('Who is not ready to die for his faith is not worthy to profess it'); '*Con Ginevra, senza Ginevra, contro Ginevra—a noi!*' ('With Geneva, without Geneva, against Geneva—to us!'). From the Alps to Sicily similar quotations are posted in every town and village and along every road and railway line. As he passes the frontier into Fascist Imperial Italy the visitor can feel that for a thousand miles ahead of him no other voice than this can be heard. No newspaper can be sold, no book published, no wireless program broadcast, no public speech made which does not echo those stentorian tones.

Can any other voice than this be heard in the land of Garibaldi? Is there such a thing as public opinion? What do the Italians really think about the League, about their new empire, about the Italo-German Axis, about war with England, about democracy? How strong is the Fascist régime? What will happen when Mussolini dies? These are questions which are instantly prompted in the mind of any observant tourist, questions which are to a great extent provoked by the apparently absolute domination of the Government propaganda and the apparently unquestioned devotion of the Italian people to the Fascist régime. I spent four months motoring about nearly every part of Italy as far south as Rome—touring, sightseeing, reading the papers, talking to Italians and foreigners, to Fascists and anti-Fascists, officials, doctors, priests,

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monks, friars, guides, peasants, beggars, shopkeepers and ordinary human beings of unknown occupation.

The first fact to grasp is that officially there is no other opinion in Italy on any subject whatever than that poured out unceasingly by Mussolini, the Fascist organizations, the radio, the Press and patriotic citizens who are trying to impress the Government with their unswerving loyalty and orthodoxy. The second fact, a psychological corollary of the first, is that there is in Italy a widely spread opinion almost exactly the contrary of the official one. This can in no sense be called 'public' opinion; it is private, very private indeed. Publication of anything approaching such sentiments means 'the islands' for at least two years, if not worse. I met a man in a small city in Italy who had just come back from one of those notorious penal settlements. He had been sent there because, drinking coffee with his friends in the piazza on the night that the news of the assassination of Dollfuss came through, he said that the 'vest-pocket' Chancellor had got his deserts.

There are thousands of so-called Communists in Italy. They are really only Anarchists or simply strong anti-Fascists. As things stand they will never make a successful Communist revolution by themselves. Most of them are upstanding members of the Fascist Party, proving to the Government that, publicly at least, they have forsaken their old ways.

Nevertheless, they and their friends are irrepressible and put the fear of God into the régime. About forty people were arrested recently in a little hill town in Umbria where I was staying because the red flag with the hammer and sickle thereon was found flying one morning from one of the municipal flagstaffs. Twenty or thirty people were arrested in a popular Riviera tourist resort at the beginning of this year because they were said to be printing and distributing Communist literature. Rumor has it—but this I cannot personally vouch for—that there was an almost general mutiny of the population against the régime a month or two ago at Terni, an industrial town north of Rome, as a result of which a very large number of people were arrested. Local mutinies, isolated acts of rebellion, happen every other day, and the prisons are full.

But further examples of this kind, of which the visitor will only hear from friends of the victims and will naturally never on any account see mentioned in the papers, are perhaps unnecessary. How often in the past few months have I been led out of possible earshot by some friar or doctor, and once by the *podestà* and doctor of a small village, and been asked what was really happening in the outside world. In some ways this is the most pathetic part of the whole business. The Italians are far too intelligent and individualistic in character not to know that they are being deceived, or at least to suspect it. But the only unbiased foreign news which can get into the country is on the radio, and that is useless to those who cannot understand English or French.

A wireless set can also be a dangerous instrument to possess. Not long ago a party of young Blackshirts visited a number of the small cafés and *trattorie* in Florence, all of which had wireless sets (as I believe they are obliged to have by law so that they may all be

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centers of propaganda), and asked the proprietors to get them the news from Barcelona. Those who were foolish enough to comply with this request or showed any knowledge of how to get the station had their shops and everything in them smashed. Of course, a little news leaks into Italy by means of foreign newspapers and tourists, but this reaches only a very few. I shall not soon forget taking a parcel of books to be bound at a little shop in a back street of a certain Italian city. It happened that I had wrapped these books in a week-old copy of the *Times*. My bookbinder saw this and, unwrapping the parcel, set the books aside and began avidly to search the paper. Finding an article on Spain, he at once asked me to tell him what it said.

II

But continually, when the unsuspecting visitor finds himself alone with an Italian, will he be confronted with such eager questions as: 'What is really happening in Spain?' 'Why did you not stop us going to Ethiopia? You only had to block the Canal. Why did you not stop us? So many of us hoped you would.' If the visitor is sufficiently sure of his questioner to know that he is not simply an *agent provocateur* and makes any serious attempt at a reply, he will inevitably be confronted by the astounding ignorance induced by nearly fifteen years of terribly efficient propaganda. The Italians do not really know what is going on outside their own country—and, for the matter of that, little enough about what is going on inside it. They are taught to believe by their Press and radio that the only successful and happy countries in the world are those with Fascist or near-Fascist Governments, that democracy is out-of-date and that everyone in England and France is miserable, that the British Empire is falling to pieces and that democracy inevitably leads to Socialism and Communism. A railway disaster in England or France is given columns of space; a similar event in Germany or Japan is not even mentioned. A sporting, scientific or literary triumph in Germany or Japan is given practically a page to itself; a similar item of news from France or England is passed over in complete silence.

Columns and columns of the Italian newspapers have been devoted this spring to such subjects as the trouble in India and Waziristan, the cruelty of the Colonial Government in British Somaliland, the falling birth rate in England, the declining population in France and the miseries of the working classes in both countries. Everything possible is done to show non-Fascist countries in the worst possible light, especially from the point of view of the ordinary man in the street, who does not care one way or the other about politics, but who simply wants to earn his living in peace. The effect has been to make even seriously discontented Italians say: 'Well, it is true that we in Italy are suffering, but at any rate we are better off under Mussolini than they are anywhere else in the world.'

Were it not for this feeling, which, as a result of the undisputed propaganda, is universally accepted as true throughout the country, the anti-Fascists, Socialists, Communists and Anarchists, who must already be a formidable minority, might become the majority. Thus it may really be said

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that this intensive propaganda is Fascism's strongest weapon, and that without it the régime would swiftly be overthrown. For even now Fascism in Italy is not secure, and uses propaganda not merely for its foreign political ends but as an essential means of protection against the people it governs—a people famous down the ages for its love of liberty, individuality and independence of thought, and still, in spite of all that Fascism can do, the same.

Fear, just as much as propaganda, is a vital weapon of Fascism. It is a common saying in Italy that where three are gathered together the conversation will be all of the greatness of Mussolini and Fascism, but that when two of the three are alone together the subject will be discussed from a very different point of view. No one can trust anyone else; anyone may be an *agent provocateur;* and the Latin vices of calumny and envy flourish in the fruitful ground provided for them by Fascist systems of espionage. It may also be taken as true that the cellars of a German 'Brown House' are no worse than the *sotto-suolo* of an Italian *Casa del Fascio.*

III

Apart from those secret firebrands who are Communists or Anarchists, there is a great mass of less violent discontent in Italy today. This mass, which in any case is probably more important than the other groups and certainly outweighs them in numbers, is made up chiefly of the upper working classes and shopkeepers. Their cause of discontent does not necessarily go back to pre-Fascist days: that is to say, they are not merely discontented today because they may have been Liberals or Socialists before; they are discontented as a direct result of the actions of the Fascist Government. The *impero* is not nearly so popular in Italy as the Fascist Press would have everyone believe. Taxes are appallingly high, and everyone realizes that the reason is chiefly the foundation of the empire coupled with Fascism's necessity of keeping the sword rattling. Whenever there is a public holiday in honor of some victory or massacre—which there seems to be about every other week during the spring—the crowds who are ordered to line the route of the inevitable procession have to watch the Blackshirt militia, whose pay they provide, march by. They realize the folly of it and hate parting with their money. But they have to cheer just the same.

I say 'are ordered to line the route' with intention. On such festal occasions everyone receives a ticket ordering his presence at such and such a place to cheer whoever or whatever may be passing. The tickets are of various colors; red is reserved for special occasions when no excuse for absence will be accepted. In May, when the 'King-Emperor' came to Florence in connection with the *Maggio Musicale* and the Giotto centenary celebrations, all the peasants for many miles around received the red tickets. Some of them were working after midnight as a result to make up for their lost day. For other reasons, also, these extraordinarily numerous public holidays are unpopular. The ordinary, and especially the old-fashioned, Italian of the working class is probably saner and more instinctively cultured than men of the corresponding class in any other country in the world.

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He does not approve of all these idle days. He objects to seeing the young men being trained in such foolish and lazy ways. The shopkeepers do not like it either, since it interferes with their trade.

But undoubtedly the chief cause of discontent is the heavy taxation. In illustration of this, there is a story current all over Italy about a peasant who had four cows. The Communists came to him and said: 'We shall take away all your cows from you.' The Socialists came and said: 'We will be quite fair. We will take two of your cows and the other two you may keep.' Finally, the Fascists came and said: 'We will take nothing from you. Keep your cows; go on and prosper. Only, we will come every day and milk them for you.' Stories like this seem to show that the genius of the Italian people and their innate and ancient scepticism have managed to withstand, at least to a certain extent. even the terrific siege of recent years,

IV

To turn now to foreign affairs: just as there is an undercurrent of suspicion and distrust of all the other government propaganda, so the new friendship between Germany and Italy does not, among Italians privately, meet with the same unqualified approval which the newspapers express.

The Rome-Berlin Axis is not very popular. Apart from any merely political differences, there is, and always has been, a strong characteristic antipathy between the Italians and the Germans, particularly on the Italian side. Government propaganda pours contempt of England and France into the ears of the Italian people. Many Italians with whom I have spoken were astonished when they heard that I had motored to Italy through France. Was not the unrest in France very bad? They could not believe that, outwardly at least, the French appeared not unhappy and that the towns and villages through which I had passed were not filled with hordes of strikers and Communists in arms. It is perhaps not generally recognized in England that however bad the Italian Press campaign against Great Britain may have been, that against France and the Popular Front Government has been very nearly as virulent.

For England has been reserved a more theoretical contempt, ranging from our 'old-fashioned' form of government, which is claimed to be leading us straight to Communism, to our agricultural difficulties, the decay of our countryside, the barbaric cruelties of our colonial methods, the misery of the distressed areas and the unemployed, and, finally, our obvious deca dence as exposed in the falling birth rate, due to birth control practices and racial deterioration.

In Italy they believe that it will take England five years to prepare for a European war, whereas they believe themselves to be at the peak of production. They believe, therefore, that the next five years are theirs. England is pictured as a kind of gorged pirate who must be forced to give up some of his ill-gotten hoard to more deserving, more vigorous, younger nations. Naturally, bearing well in mind the picture of England as the glutted and vicious pirate king now past his prime and only fit for the lethal chamber, there is much sympathy in Italy for Germany's demand for the return of colonies.

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Mussolini, as may be seen from the walls of houses all over Italy, has committed himself to the ideal of '*una sempre più grande Italia*' ('an ever greater Italy'). It is only natural that the first point of attack should be the Mediterranean, the sea in which Italy remains virtually a prisoner.

The Italian Government believes that it can, when necessary, completely block the Mediterranean. Pantelleria stands half way between Sicily and Tunis, commanding the narrow strait through which all traffic has to pass. Important as a base for blocking the free passage of the Mediterranean to British ships bound to Egypt and the East, it is equally important as a base of attack against the great French North African ports, and especially Tunis, and therefore as a threat to France's most vital communications, for it is from her African possessions that France hopes to get some of her most vigorous man-power and most important supplies in the event of being involved in another war.

This brings me to the question of the Spanish Civil War. Italy is deeply involved in Spain as much because she does not want to see another Communist Power in Europe as because she wants to have another Fascist ally in the rear of Communist France. Of course, recruiting for Spain in Italy has been a more or less open affair throughout the whole unhappy business. Many of those who were sent to Spain believed until their arrival in that country that they were *en route* for Abyssinia. Others, again, have enlisted for Spain voluntarily since the pay is good and includes a good present to the volunteer's family.

Non-intervention is looked upon as a great joke, since everyone knows that the reason why it takes at least six months to obtain delivery of a new Italian car, and about a year to obtain delivery of a lorry (even if they can be obtained then) is because all the Italian factories are working overtime on material for use in Spain. As a result of this, second-hand cars are being sold in Italy at almost the price they cost when new. But Italy is short of other materials besides motor cars and lorries. Petrol is so expensive and taxes are so high that few cars are seen on the Italian roads, and those are of a low horsepower, consuming little petrol. There is such a shortage of iron that no building except under a Government contract can be begun or completed.

While the subject of the Spanish War divides private opinion in Italy, much as it does in England, according to political or religious belief, everyone is firmly convinced both privately and publicly that Mussolini will never withdraw from Spain until Franco has won the day. The suggestion that both Franco and Mussolini might, after all, be beaten is regarded as inconceivable, and everyone seems to think that more and more Italian men and material will be poured into Spain until the Spanish Government is finally defeated. Naturally the Italians have no idea whatever that their forces have shown up far from well in the Spanish struggle, but believe that any rumors to this effect have been deliberately started by an envious and hypocritical Great Britain pretending to stand aside from the civil war, but in reality intriguing with Russia and Protestants throughout the world for the downfall of Fascism and the Catholic religion.

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Can Czechoslovakia survive the enemies that threaten her from within and without? Two experts on Central European affairs give their opinions.

# Czechoslovakia *on* Tenterhooks

## I. Prague's Way With Minorities

*By* Arnold J. Toynbee

From the *Economist*, London Financial Weekly

In a recent visit to Central Europe, the writer concentrated upon the problem of the German minority in Czechoslovakia, because this seems to him to be at present the most difficult and dangerous of all the Central European problems that he has come across. Its difficulties and dangers are manifold: there is the temper and policy of the Third Reich, which marches with the German districts of Czechoslovakia on three flanks. There is the economic distress in these districts. And in the third place there is the temper and policy of the Czechs. These three factors are acting all the time upon one another.

In laying emphasis on the third of these factors, the writer has not forgotten that the action of the Czechs is only one of several elements in the problem, and that there are other elements which are outside the Czechs' control—for instance, the two potent influences of the world economic crisis and of the rise of the National-Socialist Movement in Germany. The Czechs are the victims of circumstances as well as of themselves, and it is not at all difficult to point to neighboring countries whose record in the treatment of minorities has been not so good, but which have been placed by fortune in a position to behave badly with comparative impunity. This privilege has been denied to the Czechs. For them—as their leading statesmen clearly see and frankly admit—a thorough and speedy solution of their minorities' problem is an urgent necessity of State.

This Czech necessity is at the same time a British interest; for a satisfactory solution of the minorities' problem would appear to be an indispensable condition for the maintenance of the independence and integrity of Czechoslovakia; and if

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Czechoslovakia were to disappear from the map, that would mean a change in the European balance of power which might end in putting Great Britain at Germany's mercy. Any foreign observer who wishes to see Czechoslovakia preserved must will the means to this end and must therefore wish to see the minorities' problem in Czechoslovakia solved before it is too late by Czech statesmanship.

Even a short visit to Czechoslovakia is enough to make one aware that the Czechs today are laboring under a staggering burden. The political and strategic side of this burden is, of course, the most conspicuous. The Czechs' neighbors do not love them; their friends and backers are far off; their country has a curious shape which would make it difficult to defend against a host of potential adversaries who might one day perhaps join forces in order to deliver a concerted attack upon the object of their common hostility. The Czechs have a German and a Hungarian and a Polish problem on their hands; but the German problem overshadows the rest. The Polish minority in Czechoslovakia is, after all, a small affair, and the Czecho-Polish quarrel that rages round it is vivacious rather than deep. The Magyars' grievance against Czechoslovakia is a good deal more serious, but it is now in a fair way to a mutual solution and is being put into the shade by a German problem which looms ever larger and more menacing.

The latter is menacing for a number of reasons. In the first place, the German minority in Czechoslovakia is by far the largest numerically. In the second place, this German element in Czechoslovakia mainly consists of an old industrial population which has lost its links with the countryside. It has therefore been more heavily hit than the younger Czech industrial population by the impact of the world economic crisis. Whereas the Magyar peasantry who have been annexed to Czechoslovakia are said to have benefited economically by the Czechoslovakian Agrarian legislation, the German peasantry do not seem to have shared in the windfall, while the German industrial population in Moravia and Bohemia have fallen into dire economic distress. The origins of this distress can for the most part be traced to economic causes for which neither the Czech Government nor the Czech people are responsible. The catastrophic slump in the Sudetenland is not the Czechs' fault but their misfortune. When we remind ourselves, in the third place, that this numerous and unhappy German population in Czechoslovakia has for its kinsfolk and neighbors not the eight or nine million people of post-War Hungary, but the sixty or seventy million people of the Third German Reich, which flanks Bohemia on three sides, we may begin to see the Czechs' German problem in its full magnitude. But it must be always remembered that this 'German' population is really Austrian, and only 'German' by adoption, as the Nazis have adopted the Austrians themselves.

The districts mainly inhabited by the Sudetenlander vary in racial composition. In twelve districts within the area, indeed, Czechs are in the majority. Moreover, as many as 305,200 Czechs live in the German region of Bohemia alone; and either these, or the 730,000 Germans who live outside

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the main German-speaking region, would form big minorities under any system of cultural autonomy. This, however, only exemplifies the difficulty of the task facing both the Germans and the Czechs; it does not render its achievement unnecessary or impossible.

II

The actual temper of the Czechs is easy to apprehend and by the same token difficult to modify, for it is mainly the inevitable product of the Czechs' historical experience. For the last three centuries the Czech people have been living as under-dogs; they have acquired the under-dog's characteristic virtues and vices; and these are as palpable as ever today.

This in itself is awkward, for the under-dog mentality is not the right one for a ruling people. An under-dog finds it an almost insuperable difficulty to forgive and forget, whereas the secret of playing the part of a ruling race is to have a sublime consciousness of effortless superiority—a conceit of oneself which makes one forget injuries and ignore provocations. This quality—which the English have to an almost odious degree—is perhaps no merit, but it is certainly a notable convenience if the task that lies to one's hand is to manage other people.

When you talk to a Czech about the minorities problem in Czechoslovakia, he is apt to begin by making the general statement that Czechoslovakia is a democracy. And when you talk to a member of the German minority, you find that this Czech claim to be democratic is like a red rag to a bull.

The truth is that even the most genuine and old-established democratic way of life is exceedingly difficult to apply when you are dealing with a minority that does not want to live under your rule. We know very well that we ourselves were never able to apply our own British brand of democracy to our attempt to govern the Irish. And in Czechoslovakia today the methods by which the Czechs are keeping the upper hand over the Sudetendeutschen are not democratic.

The Czechs pursue their policy of Czechization and thereby antagonize the Germans on both sides of the frontier; the Germans resent and resist, and this drives the Czechs, out of fear, into still more drastic precautionary measures in Czechization. So the vicious circle remains closed, and the current of hatred runs round and round its full circuit. Economic distress is harrowing enough in itself. The Sudetenland has always been sensitive to economic depressions—even in the old days when its industries had the world market, as well as the market of the whole Danubian Monarchy, to rely upon.

But this extreme economic distress, which may be traced in the main to impersonal economic causes, is not the worst feature in the situation. The worst thing is the interaction between economic distress and political strife. This German minority in Czechoslovakia feels all the time, in its dire extremity, that it is not cared for, not wanted; that the Czech majority on the whole would far rather that the German minority were not there; that the Czechs are taking systematic steps to Czechize the Germans or else push them to the wall; and that in pursuit of this policy they are taking advantage on the one hand of the economic crisis and on the other hand

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of the new legislation for the defense of the Republic against the menace—and it is genuine enough—from the Germans of the Reich.

III

What are the prospects for a reconciliation between the Czech and German communities in Czechoslovakia? Are the omens favorable? It depends on where you take your stand. If you talk *tête-à-tête* with Dr. Benes and then do the same with Herr Henlein, you come away with the impression that the gulf can be bridged. President Benes—with his wide vision and acute understanding of all that is at stake—no doubt sincerely desires to find a genuine solution for the minorities problem; and Herr Henlein is no doubt equally sincere in wishing to secure tolerable conditions of existence for his own people within the framework of the Czechoslovak Republic, without changing the existing frontiers or setting up a state within the state. If the two statesmen could one day meet *tête-à-tête* together, as I met each of them in turn, they could probably solve the question between them.

But could either afford to meet the other? And, if they did meet, could they act as plenipotentiaries? When the Czechs refuse to negotiate with Herr Henlein, they excuse this undemocratic line of policy on the ground that Herr Henlein is the prisoner of his own extremists, and that these Sudetendeutsche die-hards take their orders from Berlin. Conversely, the Czechoslovakian Germans express skepticism about President Benes's ability to deliver the goods that he has promised them. He is a prisoner, they declare, of the Czech Agrarian Party, which holds the key positions in the Government offices at Prague and in the Government services throughout the country.

But is not the political life of the Czechs democratic and not authoritarian? The answer depends on the extension that one gives to the meaning of the term democracy. The Spartans, for example, were a thoroughly democratic community in their own domestic life. The Spartan electorate had the whip hand over the Spartan Government. Yet the Spartans did not look like democrats in the eyes of the non-Spartan populations over whom they ruled. The Czech nation is unquestionably a democracy in that Spartan sense; but it does not necessarily follow that the benefits of democracy are shared, under a Czech régime, by the non-Czech populations of Czechoslovakia. It is even conceivable that the very genuineness of the democracy of the Czech people itself is one of the obstacles to the extension of the benefits of democracy to their non-Czech fellow-citizens. This is easier to understand when the Czechs hear the tenets of totalitarianism preached by some of Henlein's followers. The laws on the statute book of the Republic may make every provision that is needed for giving the minorities a tolerable life; and the Government of the Republic may be anxious to go beyond the letter of the law in this direction. But suppose that an implacable nationalism is the breath of life—the veritable religion—of this democratic Czech people. Herr Hitler can command his Reichsdeutsche followers to shake hands with the Poles; President Benes and Prime Minister Hodza can only exhort

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their Czech and Slovak constituents to show mercy.

And what of the German minority? The Czechs are still pinning their faith to the three so-called 'Activist' German parties—the Social Democrats, Christian Socialists and Agrarians. These German 'Activists' have been coöperating politically with the Czechs since 1926. They are now represented in Dr. Hodza's present Coalition Government; and the Czechs' policy is to make to the 'Activists' any concessions that they may be disposed to make to the German minority, and, for the rest, to wait till the Hitler-Henlein cloud rolls by.

But will it roll by? And will the 'Activists' ever recapture a majority of the Czechoslovakian German votes? The 'Activists' can so plausibly be held up to odium as traitors to their own people that their political position would be delicate enough. Prosperity is weakening Herr Henlein's hold on the Czech Germans; the Czech Government have spent more in the German districts than elsewhere to achieve the present striking increase in employment; but his movement, even if a minority, will remain large and troublesome.

Is it within the power of Herr Henlein and President Benes to bring this solid Sudetendeutschtum and equally solid Czechdom together? The task is almost desperately hard, and it will not be made easier by provocation. But a refusal to try or a failure to succeed are likely to have appalling consequences. Bohemia, where these two solid national phalanxes now collide, is the veritable heart of Europe.

## II. Awaiting 'Der Tag'

*By* Richard Freund

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

THE political discussions of the Imperial Conference have given new weight to the view that Britain should stand aloof from the quarrels of Central Europe—a view which appears to find more support in the new Cabinet than it did in the old. But few of those who wish to see this country free to develop a common Empire policy in line with the United States have faced the question whether 'isolation' is possible. That problem is not to be solved by loose talk of 'allowing' Germany to spread her influence in Eastern Europe. Although Britain's advice carries much weight, Eastern Europe is not hers to give away. A glance at the military situation shows the fallacy of the argument that British neutrality would permit Germany to expand by peaceful means.

Czechoslovakia holds the key position. 'A fortress erected by God in the heart of Europe,' was Bismarck's description of that mountain rampart which has stemmed both Germanic and Asiatic thrusts for twenty centuries. Germany cannot expand down the Danube without first removing the flanking threat from the Bohemian hills. True, the threat would be tolerable if Czechoslovakia stood alone; but it is a matter of life and death for France to maintain her hold on the

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German rear. No amount of advice from England can persuade France to surrender what is as vital to her as Gibraltar is to the British Empire. It follows that Czechoslovakia cannot be subdued by diplomacy alone. Could she, then, be reduced by indirect intervention on the Spanish model?

Germany could probably stir up a rebellion of the Sudeten Germans, though she could no longer count on the Hungarian minority, which voted solidly for Dr. Benes at the presidential elections. Of the 3,200,000 Germans in Czechoslovakia, about two millions live in more or less compact areas adjoining the German frontier. The spearhead of the rising would be the Henlein party, which has a sort of Storm Troop organization of 30,000 youths. But there is not the slightest doubt that the revolt would be quickly suppressed unless German 'volunteers' and war supplies could cross the frontier in sufficient quantities to disorganize the Czech forces.

For the past four years the frontier organization has been heavily reinforced. Blockhouses dot the whole of the hilly, well-wooded border. The most elaborate precautions have been taken to prevent gun-running. Any substantial gathering of Germans or any undue influx of German visitors to the Bohemian health resorts would be countered at once by concentrations of police and troops. If trouble should arise, the Government would immediately mobilize all Germans liable to military service, and both German and Czech opinion holds that few would refuse to join their regiments. The areas affected would be occupied by military forces, which are entirely adequate to suppress disorder even if, which is unlikely, as many as 100,000 German 'volunteers' should get across the frontier.

Indirect intervention of this kind could be effective only as a prelude to open invasion by regular German forces. It is now, I believe, widely admitted that air raids alone are unlikely to enforce surrender. Invasion by land is still the decisive factor. On purely strategic grounds, the best German plan would be to rush the Moravian Gateway, that gap in the mountain ring which has been the traditional point of entry into the Bohemian Basin for thousands of years. Advancing southwestward from the direction of Ratibor, the German invaders could take Brünn and throw a cordon across the 'waist' of Czechoslovakia, which at that point is only 100 miles wide. They could then advance on Prague, while other German armies, having forced an entry over the Bohemian passes, would take the Czech army in the rear.

In practice the scheme has its difficulties. One-half of the 'Gateway' is held by Poland. The German operations would be based on a bottle-neck 25 miles wide, the safety of their flank being dependent on the good will of Poland. The risk is well realized in Germany. Moreover, the Moravian Gateway is said to be the most heavily fortified stretch of frontier in Europe.

A broad attack on the Bohemian passes seems, therefore, more likely to promise success. That frontier is only lightly fortified, and the Czechs do not intend to hold it in force. They would fight delaying actions, for which the country is suited and in which the army has been trained for years. If necessary, they would give up the whole of Bohemia, including Prague.

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The retreat would come to a halt on prepared positions on the two central hill ranges. This would leave Czechoslovakia in possession of a sufficient part of her industry, mineral resources and food supplies to hold out for some time. Competent military circles both here and elsewhere believe that on these lines Czechoslovakia could resist a German attack single-handed for three or four weeks, and that serious guerrilla fighting could continue for another three months. The estimate is based on the knowledge that although the Czech air force is not at present in prime condition, the equipment of the army is second to none in Europe, and the fighting qualities of the men are very high. It is further based on the assumption that Austria and Hungary would remain neutral, and that neither France nor Soviet Russia would enter the war. But this is the crux of the problem: if Germany could win in a week, the war might conceivably be localized; but if Czechoslovakia resists even for the minimum period of three weeks, a European war is inevitable.

Leaving aside treaties and promises, all calculations must begin with the fact that Germany would need one-half of her regular army for a war with Czechoslovakia, and another quarter to man the Polish frontier. As she could not be certain that France would remain inactive, she must take precautions on the French frontier as well, and this could not be done without at least partial mobilization. It is unthinkable that such a move, however secret, should not lead at once to mobilization in France. The French and German staffs would then be faced with the knowledge that great advantages will fall to the side which strikes first. The temptation might well be irresistible.

As for Soviet Russia, her obligation to assist Czechoslovakia becomes operative only if France moves. For all the blustering of Soviet diplomacy, the Red Army Command has never been in favor of engaging large forces outside Russian territory; and the latest crisis seems to have strengthened the isolationist school of thought. At the same time, hesitations might be swept away, as they were in the early stages of the Spanish war, by an outbreak of public feeling.

Poland's attitude cannot be foreseen, for Colonel Beck is not Poland. Hungary would not stir for fear of Rumania and Yugoslavia, who would march to repress a Hungarian move even though they might not—and need not, by their treaties—intervene against Germany. The Austrian régime might succumb to the emotions aroused by the war; but the Czechs are fully prepared against a German thrust across Austria, while this would make French intervention more certain. Italy would remain neutral whatever happened in Austria; but she would not go to the length of threatening Yugoslavia and supporting a Hungarian move against Czechoslovakia.

Even if Soviet Russia did not intervene, it is more than likely that France would. In that event the recent Locarno agreement, which presupposes an 'unprovoked attack' on France, would not operate. But would Great Britain really look on to see France defeated and Germany established at the Channel ports? Only those who are prepared to face that issue have any right to advocate aloofness from Central European affairs.

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We present two reactions to the British plan to divide Palestine: one from an outstanding Zionist leader and one from a friend of the Arabs.

# Palestine Forum

## I. For the Jews

*By* David Ben Gurion

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

PALESTINE is a country whose significance is out of all proportion to its size. Although small in area it looms large in world history, for from this unique place springs the eternal spirit of the Jewish people, which has left so distinct a mark on the whole of civilized mankind.

Twice have the Jews been driven out of their country, but their cry, 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning,' has echoed throughout history, and has stimulated the consciences of Jews and non-Jews throughout the world. No other people but the Jews have ever been completely identified with Palestine; nor was Palestine ever the separate geographical unit of any other nation.

The present non-Jewish population of the country belongs to a race whose share of the territories in which they have achieved independence as a result of the Allied victory is larger than the whole of Western Europe.

During the war the Arabs who fought with Lawrence against the Turks were limited to the Hedjaz. The Palestinian Arabs took no part. Yet thousands of Jews from England, North America, Argentina, Russia, and Palestine, fought with the British in Palestine for its liberation.

Palestine has become once again, in our own time, a civilized country, with a modern agricultural and industrial economy, an organized Labor movement, and a country in which science and the arts flourish. All this is the work of Jews.

When Palestine was liberated from a four-hundred-year Turkish rule, not only Great Britain (who may have

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had some Imperial interests) but the whole world, including the United States, recognized that the time had come for the return of Palestine to its rightful inheritors—the Jewish people.

In the short time of two decades, the love and devotion of Jewish pioneers have repaired the damage inflicted on the country during centuries of various foreign invasions.

The ever-continuing persecution of the Jews has strengthened the Jewish claim for their right to their own country. The recognition of Zionism by the civilized world was a recognition by the Christian people of their rightful duty to repair the wrongs done to the Jewish people for centuries. If to a Christian world the Bible means anything, it will insure that the people of the Bible are allowed to return to the land of the Bible.

This return is not prejudicial to the status and future of the Arab race as a whole. Nor is it prejudicial to the small Arab population of Palestine as individuals. The Report of the Royal Commission bears ample testimony to the conspicuous improvement in the material and cultural position of the Arabs as a result of the creative Jewish work.

The Jewish people have always regarded, and will continue to regard, *Palestine as a whole* as a single country which is theirs in a national sense, and will become theirs once again. No Jew will accept partition as a just and rightful solution.

Palestine is the only country which Jews can rightly call their own. No race has all its members concentrated in independent national States. The Arabs have even less cause to complain that they have not a fair share of independence. And it was never the wish of Jews to dominate the Arabs.

The proposal of the Royal Commission to set up a Jewish State in a restricted area is to put a drastic limit to the possibilities of a Jewish return, and to condemn the rest of the country to stagnation and desolation.

Anything may be imposed on a defenseless Jewish people by the superior forces of the British Empire, just as the Jewish people had in the past to submit to the destruction of their country by the Roman legions, and in our own times to their persecution by Nazi Germany and other countries. But they can never regard the proposal as something which is right and just in itself.

Moreover, the partition proposal excludes Jerusalem from the Jewish State. No Jew and, I hope, not a single conscientious Christian will accept the cutting out from the Jewish State of this Jewish city.

All Jews would agree that the Holy Places, Jewish, Christian and Moslem, be placed under the protection of Great Britain. These are, however, concentrated in the Old City. But a new city of Jerusalem has sprung up outside the walls, which now has a population of 70,000 Jews. If Jaffa, with its 50,000 Arabs situated in the Jewish State, can be connected to the Arab State by the British corridor, it would be a cruel injustice not to have the Jewish quarter of Jerusalem similarly connected to the Jewish State.

The Jews in Palestine, more especially those in the Labor movement, have always striven to promote friendly relations between Jews and Arabs, and no matter what the future, they will continue to do so. The Jewish Labor movement in Palestine is the only live

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Labor movement in the Near East and compares most favorably with that of Great Britain.

The spirit of the Jews is indomitable. Their purpose will ultimately be achieved. It is the Jewish belief that their historic Homeland, taken from them by brutal force, will be regained by their constructive and peaceful work.

## II. For the Arabs

*By* H. St. John Philby

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

THE baby is to be divided after all between the claimant mothers. Neither mother will be wholly satisfied with such a verdict, but neither will relinquish her portion to maintain the baby's integrity. That is crystal clear.

When I heard the terms of reference of the Royal Commission nearly a year ago on my radio set—at Shabwa of all places—I formed the opinion that within such limits the Royal Commission would never be able to evolve a satisfactory solution of the Palestine problem. The Arabs regarded the Mandate itself as a breach of promise. To them the Balfour Declaration of 1917 was anathema.

Any solution based on the terms of the Mandate, which repeated and confirmed the Balfour Declaration, would therefore be inacceptable to the Arabs, who would inevitably resume the rebellion of last year—stayed temporarily at the request of the Arab Kings to give the Royal Commission a chance of getting to work. Quite recently indeed both the Jews and the Arabs have announced in advance that the oft-rumored scheme of partition or cantonization was not acceptable.

The position seemed desperate enough in all conscience. The problem was insoluble. The Commission struggled on gamely with its task. The mountains labored and today the report is delivered. It is an astonishing document.

*The Commission has discovered the only possible solution of the Palestine problem.*

It has handled its rather cramping terms of reference with a skill for which, I am ashamed to say, I did not give it credit in advance. It has sought the one thing worth seeking for—'the inestimable boon of peace.' To that objective it has subordinated all other considerations—disregarding its terms of reference, disregarding the militant but ably presented case of the Jews and, finally, disregarding the hopelessly uncompromising methods adopted by the Arab leaders when, at long last they condescended—again at the pressing insistence of the Arab Kings—to state their case.

Only by doing these three things could it have arrived at the only possible solution of the problem. Its report will surely go down to history as one of the most masterly State documents ever drafted to cope with a seemingly hopeless situation.

And His Majesty's Government has given an admirable lead to the other parties in the conflict in accepting generally the recommendations of the

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Commission with the admission that 'the aspirations of Arabs and Jews in Palestine cannot be satisfied under the terms of the present Mandate.'

That is the crux of the matter. The Mandate is to go.

A strip of territory is to be handed over to the Jews—roughly the area of five of the old twelve tribes—to have for themselves as their national home.

The rest of Palestine is to return to Arab sovereignty, with the exception of Benjamin and other details to be held by Great Britain under a different kind of Mandate.

The Balfour Declaration goes by the board, unregretted. The Jews will probably like the proposed solution less than the Arabs, as an end is put to their dreams of indefinite expansion. The Arabs will not regard it as a complete satisfaction of their claims. But, on balance, there is no getting away from the fact that the Commission has made a substantial concession in favor of the Arabs—as substantial a concession, indeed, as was possible in the circumstances. The Arabs should certainly lose no time in accepting generally the recommendations of the Commission.

The sooner they are actually implemented the better for all concerned. They do not represent a clear-cut scheme to be accepted or rejected as a whole. They form rather a basis for discussion. With good-will on all sides they may be modified in detail.

For instance, there is no justification for the proposal of a British mandatory position at Aqaba, which lies wholly in the Arab sphere. It should indeed be restored in justice to its proper allegiance to Ibn Saud.

But such details can be discussed later in an atmosphere of good-will and 'the highest statesmanship on the part of all concerned,' when the proposed Frontier Commission gets to work.

For the moment the main scheme is all that matters—partition, termination of the Mandate, tacit abolition of the Balfour Declaration. To be or not to be—that is the question.

The Arab answer will surely be 'Yes,' and the sooner they give it the better for themselves. And if they answer so, the implication—not specifically stated by the Commission—is that Arab Palestine with Transjordan will combine to form an Arab Kingdom under the Emir Abdullah. He has labored patiently for many years in circumstances of great difficulty. He deserves his reward, and one can only hope that he will prove worthy of the greatness he has achieved.

For the Royal Commission itself there is no reward but the gratitude of all men—not alone the Holy Land, which sent forth in the past a message of peace and good-will to all the world.

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A whinging conscience in old Dublin is cheered by a haloed nocturnal visitor.

# An Old Saint

*By* Elisabeth Myers

From the *English Review*
London Conservative Monthly

ONE Sunday night an old woman was sitting in her parlor reading a nineteenth-century novel and biting her nails. A gas-jet flung and leered above her gray head, and the flames of the fire reached up in a hungry attempt to devour the two swoops of red plush with which the mantelshelf was draped.

Outside, a wonderful ultramarine sky was taut above the tree-tops and buttoned up with nacreous stars, and chimes from church steeples swung dolorously out like little lads falling, with cries, from apple trees.

The old woman drank cup after cup of strong tea, and finally laid down the book with a gusty sigh.

'Och, if only me conscience didn't whinge so of a Sunday night,' she muttered; 'it'll be the bells that set it goin', an' they callin' up the people into the blessed House of the Lord.'

She scratched her head with a bodkin that leaned handily out of a vase in a niche, and fell to biting her nails again, stretching out her lean old shanks to the roaring fire.

'The dear knows,' she continued, 'I'm lonely. Not for the folk that do be pratin' an' preachin' an' turnin' the world upside down, but it's a loneliness that's inside of me, an' cries an' cries an' won't stay its clamorin'.'

She rose suddenly and went to the window.

'It's a bewitched sort of night,' commented the old woman, feeling the mystery of it. From the bow-window of her little house in the Dublin suburbs, she could see the slender lamp-posts leaning crazily towards the garden-fences, gleaming green; the leaves flying off the tall trees in the autumn wind like airplanes; people crunching over the drifts; and the high stars beaming above all.

From the luminous firmament, her eyes traveled down to the pavement bizarrely patterned with gas-light and the shadows of the shifting boughs.

'A fine night so, to have fallen on the bad world,' the old woman said, turning back to the fireside.

She picked up the novel again, and had wandered through a paragraph or

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two when there came a quick and determined knocking at her door.

'Praise be to God, an' who's comin' visitin' me now?' she ejaculated, rising to admit her caller.

When she opened the door, the wind blew in a channel of bronze leaves and a saint in a swirling white gown with lavender-colored sandals that were not adequate to keep in check his large and knobbly old toes.

With an ugly crash the wind pulled the door out of the old woman's hand, and haplessly she stood staring at her strange visitor.

'Don't be afraid,' said the old saint, 'but lead me into your pleasant parlor. Faith, it's a long journey through the black night into the saffron morning. How the wind blows! It has a savage tooth. May I bide by your fire a wee while, woman of the house?'

'But . . . but,' stammered the old woman, retreating slowly back into the parlor, 'I haven't the know yet of who your Honor may be.'

'A saint of the Lord,' he answered. 'But not one of the big ones, canonized, and bedazened with blessings; just a mild an' a small one. Don't be terrified. Let us draw our chairs to the fire an' continue with your tea-drinkin'; it's a refreshin' beverage—at least, I always found it so during my time on earth.'

'I had a sister who saw the devil once,' said the old woman, crossing herself, and looking fearfully at her guest, 'an' himself in the shape of a collie-dog. If 'tis the devil ye are come to plague me, take yourself off in the holy name of Christ.'

But the saint did not move and, looking, the old woman saw a halo, like a circlet of gold wire, resting above his hoary head, and shining as gold never did.

She sank back into a chair, resorting to the old comforting habit of biting her nails.

'Nay, there's nothing to be afraid of,' said the saint. He sat down, settling his gown about him and waggling his toes before the fire.

'A great lot of books ye have,' he commented friendlily, looking round the room. 'But I don't see the Bible.'

'I haven't one,' said the old woman; 'it moithers me to read it.'

'Ah, but it's a sweet work,' remarked the saint, 'an' comely the readin'. It needn't fret anyone to read those pages. An' how's things with yourself?' he went on brightly. 'Ye look glum enough to have lost seven kingdoms.'

'Maybe I'm feelin' me age an' folly,' answered the old woman shakily. 'An' what is a saint like yourself, so old and holy, doin' down in this callous world?'

'I'm here on God's mission,' said the saint.

'God's mission, is it?' said the old woman softly. She sighed, and swallowed a mouthful of tea. 'It's p'r'aps God I'm weary for,' she continued; 'it's a bitter thing to be old, to come to the end an' not to hear His Voice.'

'Ye've only to call Him,' observed the saint. 'That's a cry that would be heard from the depths of the sea—from the fastness of the mightiest hill—from the ends of the earth.'

'Ah, but He wouldn't want to hear from me,' said the old woman miserably.

'Have ye ever asked Him?' put in the saint.

'Nay, I have not. I've been afraid to trouble Him.'

'Sure,' said the saint mildly, 'it's a pleasure for Himself to hear a voice shoutin' up from this world. You try

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it, old dear. It's a fine an' comfortin' call ye'll get back.'

'Even after what I've done?'

'In spite of all.'

'But I'm killed when I think of what I've been up to.'

'Ah, come now; nothin's so bad that it won't bear the tellin' sometime or another,' said the saint. 'Let's hear your tale. Don't be shy. I've shut me eyes an' I'm not lookin' at ye at all.'

II

The old woman swallowed nervously, stammered and halted, choked, wept. Suddenly she began in an assured voice:—

''Twas this way, your Honor—an' I hope God an' yourself will both forgive me; it was all in the merry days that are gone. Seys God in me ear: "Ye can have anythin' within reason in this world." "That makes kind hearin'," seys I, in me arrogance. "But, faith, who wants anythin' within reason?"

'Well, He gave me a good an' a steady husband who had a grand job in Connolly's office, an' everythin' was fine an' soft till about ten years after the weddin'. Then a young feller began to come 'round with a cart of cucumbers, turnips an' the like. He used to drive into this street, stop outside this very house, an' shout out the wares of him. A bold article he was—not very big in build, but he had a sunny face, an' a tongue that would have kindled enthusiasm in a stone. He'd wandered all round the world, like the Jews, an' I never heard the like of his conversation. I used to buy all the vegetables we wanted from him, an' from passin' the time of day an' common chat we got to talkin' about the ways of men an' women an' Nature, till one day he let on to me that he loved me, an' how did I feel about himself?

'"Isn't it a queer thing you should be confusin' me so?" I seys to him, "an' meself married an' happy an' all."

'I don't know; it's a pity I didn't keep to that tale, or went elsewhere to live or buy me vegetables. Anyway, he moithered an' wheedled an' kept on stirrin' me up till more than kissin' was passin' between us. Och, he got into me head like a swirl of music. Women are often offered that sort of music, an' it's the bad ones that listen an' play an answerin' tune!

''Twas a terrible thing, terrible. I stopped goin' to church—me husband fell ill—died. Yes, that happened, too, an' all at once this young feller disappeared. I've never seen him to this day, an' lived alone, an' had plenty of time for broodin' an' regrettin', an' wishin' to get back to the peace that was with me long an' long ago, but 'tis feared I am to talk to the Lord about it, an' seemin' I shall never come out of the dark now.'

'Take it easy,' said the saint. 'We're all sinners on earth—even the saints. Think o' some of 'em that started off as pagans, an' then became fervent Christians.'

'I think of them, to be sure,' replied the old woman sadly. 'But, faith, they're not much comfort to me, roaring heathens an' all.'

'Well, you mustn't despair,' said the old saint, rising. 'Keep calm an' say your prayers. Go to church sometimes, too, an' ye'll see how easy it'll all be—no shoutin' an' reproachin'—nothin' but gladness an' cheer that ye've come back. There's many a one

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sittin' at the throne of God this minute that on earth did far greater harm than yourself.'

'Is that so?' asked the old woman, brightening.

'It's the truth I'm tellin' ye,' replied the saint. 'Where would be the advantage in deceivin' a dacent old body like yourself? Now, I must leave ye, an' thanks for your hospitality. Don't forget—it's always darkest before the dawn, an' you take a little trip to church, before it's too late.'

'Aye, I'll go,' said the old woman. 'Sure, since I've talked to ye, nothin' seems so desperate now. I bless the night that sent ye. I heard tell the saints only visited the good an' then on State occasions an' bonfire nights, but seemin' I've been wrongly informed. Ye've more than cheered me.'

The saint went to the door.

'I'll see meself off,' he said. 'Good night, good creature.'

He was out of the room, save for the heels of his sandals, when he suddenly darted back.

'One thing before I go—for your ear only,' said he, 'an' take comfort from it—*I* was the man who came 'round to ye in the long ago sellin' the vegetables.'

## SEQUITUR

Queen Elizabeth, who has a natural equipment of dignity, friendliness and charm of manner, is a great reader, and keeps well abreast of what is happening in the literary world. Her taste is for biography and travel, rather than for fiction. But this, perhaps, is natural, since she had, as a very small girl at school, won prizes for literature and essay writing; and at the age of fourteen she passed the Junior Oxford examination. Hence, it is only appropriate that she should be an Hon. D.C.L. of Oxford, and an Hon. LL.D. of the Universities of Belfast, Glasgow and St. Andrews.

—*Landmark*, London

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# Persons and Personages

LESLIE HORE-BELISHA

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna Conservative Daily

WHEN Neville Chamberlain announced the personnel of his Cabinet late in May, there was only one surprise, the appointment of Leslie Hore-Belisha as Secretary for War. The Conservative papers, some with restraint and others loudly, described the appointment as a blunder. The *Times* showed its disapproval most openly but would no doubt protest sharply if its disparaging criticism were to be attributed to the fact that the new Minister of War is a Jew. Yet it is certain that the *Times*, which has espoused a rapprochement with Germany, regarded the placing of a 'non-Aryan' in so exposed a position as ill-considered.

No one would have objected to the promotion of Sir Philip Sassoon, who was also a Jew and a member of the Government, to an important post. But the difference in the environment from which Sassoon and Hore-Belisha spring is significant. The former is the representative of an alien strain that has been so perfectly assimilated that it is in no way distinguishable from the leading nobility of Great Britain. The latter is a personality without powerful social ties, without a political tradition; he is a brilliant, restless and ambitious man who stands between the classes. In the exclusive clubs this young man with the fleshy face, the prominent nose and short, heavy body must necessarily be regarded as an outsider since he is so completely different from all the other young people with whom one spends weekends in the country.

It has been said that Hore-Belisha's motto is *nulla dies sine linea*, which has been maliciously translated as 'not a day without a line (in the newspapers).' The upper-class Englishman, who has been admonished by his parents to show no conspicuous zeal in school, and who, true to his social tradition, hides his sound knowledge behind conversational platitudes, finds in Belisha a man who has very deliberately maneuvered himself into the foreground.

Leslie Hore-Belisha was twenty-five years old when he stood in 1923 as a Liberal candidate in the shipbuilding town of Devonport. He was just out of Oxford, where he had already distinguished himself among his fellow students as a fiery orator and president of the Oxford Union. His Conservative opponent, who felt certain of victory, made the mistake of calling him the 'nonentity from the college bench.' Hore-Belisha was not at all embarrassed. He adopted the slogan and with it took

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Devonport by storm. In all ensuing elections, even in the depression year of 1931, Devonport has remained faithful to him. Six years ago his constituents honored the young man who never tired of bombarding the Government with his questions by raising 7,000 pounds to erect Belisha Hall, a tribute which has been accorded to no other living member of Parliament.

Beginning his political career as a follower of Lloyd George, Hore-Belisha joined the moderate Liberal group led by Sir Herbert Samuel when it parted with the old leader. In the critical days of 1931 he did a great deal to bring about the participation of the Samuel Liberals in the National Coalition Government. At that time he devised a formula of astounding flexibility, a formula which sacrificed none of the liberal principles but made it possible to coöperate with the Conservatives in restoring the economic equilibrium. Later, when Sir Herbert Samuel resigned as Minister for Home Affairs because he regarded the Ottawa Imperial Preference Treaties as a form of protectionism which he could not reconcile with his political conscience, Hore-Belisha left his second master and joined the National Liberals under Sir John Simon and Walter Runciman.

At the age of thirty-four, Hore-Belisha realized his dream of sitting on the Treasury bench in the House of Commons when he was named Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade. A year later he climbed another rung, becoming Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Not until then did wider political circles begin to pay attention to him. The thoroughness with which he mastered his new field, his sharp logic and the biting but often witty nature of his replies made him a popular speaker in the House. Together with Anthony Eden, Oliver Stanley and Walter Elliott, he is now numbered among the white hopes of Westminster.

Hore-Belisha's accomplishments during his two years as Minister of Transport are a matter of controversy. He has been called the arch-enemy of automobile drivers. It is maintained that despite all his ballyhoo the death and accident rates from traffic collisions have not improved. His achievements as a propagandist, however, are unquestioned. He followed paths in traffic control that had been avoided by his predecessors. He invented the Belisha beacon, a large orange-colored glass globe on black and white posts which marks safety crossings for pedestrians, and for a long time that made him the most popular figure in England. With a fine sense for doing the popular thing, he prohibited the sounding of automobile horns at night. And the millions of residents in dismal suburban streets, who had once been frightened out of their sleep by bleating horns, celebrate him as the Gracchus of the car-less.

It is no secret that Neville Chamberlain appointed Hore-Belisha Minister of War because the Government needed a personality which

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could lure England's youth with a magic wand into the empty recruiting offices. To put it more bluntly, the Government needed a 'barker.' This evaluation of his abilities should be embarrassing to a man who has chosen Disraeli as his model. Apparently, however, Hore-Belisha has learned one basic lesson from the life of his hero: that he will not get ahead because his colleagues in the Cabinet and his Party friends love him, but because he knows how to make himself indispensable. A vague feeling that this brilliant, clever, versatile, fascinating young man knows no limits in his political ambition, is the deeper reason for the discomfort with which conservative England views Hore-Belisha.

## Francfinder Bonnet

*By* Emmanuel Berl

Translated from *Vu et Lu*, Paris Illustrated Topical Weekly

WHEN Georges Bonnet, France's new Minister of Finance, first decided to run for office, the *Maire* of his arrondissement called him for a conference, as is the custom. He asked the young man about his family, his financial resources and then sounded him about his political opinions. Georges Bonnet answered simply: 'I am a Republican.' 'That is no answer,' the *Maire* replied, smiling. 'We all know that the republic is the best possible form of government. That is mere common sense. I am asking you to what party you belong.' At that time Georges Bonnet had studied only philosophy and law. Having never thought about politics, he did not know how to answer the *Maire's* question.

Circumstances change more rapidly than men, and Georges Bonnet has not changed. He would probably have escaped all contact with partisan struggles but for the fact that he lives in an era in which every man is forced to belong to a party. He has always preferred technical tasks to those of politics. In 1933 he was Minister of Finance under Daladier, and in 1935 Minister of Commerce under Laval. Both Premiers were completely satisfied with him. At the Radical Congress at Vichy M. Daladier called him 'That admirable Georges Bonnet,' and M. Laval has always praised highly his loyal and efficient coöperation. Indeed, it is a pity that the partisan passions of today have grown so strong that the case of Georges Bonnet must perforce remain an exceptional one. The factions, the general public and the press seem to have less and less respect for the opinions of those Frenchmen who still devote themselves to the service of the State rather than to the interests of parties and cliques. There are problems which any régime, no matter what its character, must face. Whether France is Communist, Fascist, or Dem-

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ocratic, she must still defend her territory, maintain her roads, provide for her sick and meet her expenditures out of her assets. Only recently M. Caillaux recalled that France would long ago have fallen a victim to internal struggles if her form of administration were not, on the whole, indifferent to political vicissitudes. The unfortunate actions of men who carry their politics into the administration have ever been balanced—from the time of Louis XVI to our day—by men for whom politics is only a means to an unselfish end, and for whom the permanent work of the administration is more important than the vagaries of its temporary political leaders.

Talleyrand was one of these men. Thiers was another, and Freycinet, Ribot, Hanotaux, Cambon and Revoil. Poincaré would certainly have continued to serve France even if her form of government had changed. M. de Monzie is another of these patriots, whose talents France unfortunately has not yet learned how to use. It is becoming harder and harder for them to remain aloof from the arena, as the parties demand with growing insistence what they now call 'loyalty,' but what used to be called 'partisanship.' The attacks of the demagogues against everybody who is not on their side force these talented men to the Right or to the Left. It would be very much better if men like Georges Bonnet, with ability and experience in the fields of economics and finance, were permitted by all the parties to pursue their useful functions unmolested.

On several occasions Bonnet has been able to maintain the stability of the national currency under difficult circumstances. He has represented France many times in international conferences, called sometimes to regulate trade, sometimes to lessen the shock of changes. Without doubt, he is one of the French statesmen who have been entrusted with the most vital problems in the life of the nation. He will examine the financial problem in which his country is involved today without doctrinal bias or partisan passion. He dislikes—and he has always disliked—coërcive solutions, less because he finds them unjust than because he believes them to be impractical. He has striven to keep out of politics because it is his nature to rely solely upon facts.

Always, as he declared to his *Maire*, Georges Bonnet is a Republican—the term takes on a special significance today when the dictatorships in Europe have grown so numerous. His father was a friend of Camille Pelletan. Without knowing it, he was nurtured on Republican doctrine: from childhood he developed a deep respect for individual liberty and an abiding faith in progress.

He is a tremendous worker. I know of no one who excels Bonnet in his capacity for sustained work. But anxiety, which is always associated with his tasks, has not dampened his characteristic optimism.

Georges Bonnet is one of those men who believe in the triumph of

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reason. When calumny has raged around him, he has regarded it as a sort of uncomfortable but trivial uproar with which lazy schoolboys try to discomfit their more industrious classmate while he is doing his homework.

## Papabile Pacelli

*By* Pierre Humbourg

Translated from *Marianne*, Paris Liberal Weekly

TITULAR Archbishop of Sardis, Secretary of State to the Holy See, Prefect of the Holy Congregation of Extra-Ecclesiastical Affairs and of the Congregation of the Reverend Fabric of St. Peter's, Archpriest of St. Peter's and Camerlingo of the Holy Church—these are the titles of Eugenio, Cardinal Pacelli.

No career could have been more regular, more certain in its unfolding, than that of the Vatican's Minister of Foreign Affairs. Born on March 2, 1876, he was ordained to the priesthood in March, 1899. From that time on he was never to leave the shadow of the Vatican. He was named a Consultor of the Holy Office in 1912 and appointed to the Papal Consistory in 1914. He was appointed Archbishop of Sardis on April 23, 1917, and his consecration took place in the Sistine Chapel under the hands of Benedict XV in May, 1918. Meanwhile, he had already begun his career in the Papal diplomatic service. He was named Apostolic Nuncio to Munich on April 20, 1917, and his mission was distinguished by the conclusion of a Concordat. In 1929 he received the Cardinal's hat, and only a short while later he succeeded Cardinal Gasparri as Secretary of State.

Pius XI has constantly given him signs of his high esteem. In 1930, he became Archpriest of St. Peter's, then the Prefect of the Reverend Fabric of St. Peter's. Finally, in 1935, he was named Camerlingo (Papal Regent until the election of a new Pope in the event of the present Pope's death).

Cardinal Pacelli can often be seen in the pontifical apartments. Every morning at 9 o'clock he is closeted with the Pope, planning the Vatican's diplomacy. He passes with slow and silent but assured steps through the corridors—a tall, pliant figure with a pinched profile and blue eyes framed in gold-rimmed spectacles. He carries his portfolio under his arm. As the red-gowned Cardinal with his gleaming pectoral cross glides nearer, the Swiss and the Palatine Guards freeze into reverent immobility. In the library, he works with the Pope for several hours without respite, remaking the spiritual map of the world.

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The Cardinal speaks slowly, with a controlled voice. He listens with indefatigable patience. When he replies in French, he smilingly asks you to forgive his poor command of the language and then speaks it excellently, although with a strong accent. Except when he is closeted with the Holy Father, he remains in his office from dawn to twilight receiving visitors, dictating, telephoning. He alone can reach the Pope by private wire in case of an emergency. In view of the rigour of Vatican etiquette, this fact reveals the importance of the Curate of St. Peter's. For this Minister, this diplomat, this jurist, is also the curate of the greatest church in the world. The title is far from being merely an honorary one.

I heard him preach in the Basilica on Ash Wednesday at 6 o'clock in the evening. Sixty thousand of the faithful listened to his voice and the Pope himself sat in the first row. I was near the pulpit. I saw the Cardinal's beautiful hands weaving weird arabesques of shadow on the walls. In the middle of the sermon the amplifier failed and I heard his true voice. It was musical, insinuating, very soft in the upper register and poignant in the lower. He was reading again the parable about the many who are called and the few who are chosen. He spoke of the vanity of all the honors and riches in the world. He made me think of the great Fénelon with his austere tenderness.

I saw him again at Lourdes, in 1935, as he passed through the park surrounded by thousands of pilgrims who hung on his every word and gesture. I saw him for three days at Lisieux, surrounded by Hussars with bared sabers. Alway his face remained grave, his mouth drawn, his gaze fixed. One feels that this churchman is constantly brooding anxiously over the world, keeping watch over that peace which he intends to defend by all the means within his power. And as Camerlingo he must often ponder sadly on the failing health of his master, Pius XI.

In Rome they are betting five to one that Cardinal Pacelli will be the Pope of tomorrow. He is the *Papabile*. But there is a proverb which is often whispered in the Vatican: 'He who enters the Conclave a Pope leaves it a Cardinal.' The proverb proved untrue in the case of Pius XI and one should like it to prove false for Eugenio Pacelli also.

## 'Happy Hepburn'

*By* Frank Owen

From the *Daily Express*, London Independent Conservative Daily

LATEST of the Little Hitlers of the world is a British Empire statesman—Mitchell Frederick Hepburn, Premier of Ontario. He aims to be Premier of Canada; he is forty-one, and he may get there.

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Dark, sturdy, energetic, resolute, vivid, he is known to his followers as 'Happy Hepburn.' This Premier knows the slang of the streets and appreciates the arts of publicity. In appearance he bears a resemblance to the lively British Minister of War, Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha.

In politics Happy Hepburn has been a Canadian Huey Long. He was a bank clerk, but he joined the United Farmers' Movement, a radical country party. It was then that he took up dairy farming, and now few Canadian politicians have a better grasp of the problems of the land.

Three years ago he was installed as Liberal Premier of Ontario. He had surprised some Liberals on his way up to the leadership of that party. For Happy was radical, not to say demagogic. Violently he denounced the herd of officials that fed at the public trough. 'I promise a public auction of all "public" motor-cars,' shouted this new tribune of the masses.

'Salaries shall be brought into relation with services—and we can dispense with a figurehead Lieutenant-Governor for a start!'

Arrived in power he did cut salaries. His own as Premier he reduced from $12,000 to $10,000. Other Ministers were scaled down from $10,000 to $8,000. He repudiated the contracts made by the previous Government with the great power companies.

That did not increase his popularity with the financial heads, but at that time Happy Hepburn was treating financial heads like ninepins. The public approved it.

About this time the Dionne Quintuplets burst upon the astonished universe. Ontario's Premier made the most talked-of infants in the world the wards of the State. His own son and daughter had died in infancy. Hepburn adopted a baby boy, and promised that he would adopt a baby girl also when a satisfactory one could be located. Set up now as a family man's Premier, Happy Hepburn indignantly attacked the 'Stork Derby.'

The 'Stork Derby' was one of those things that we like to think 'could not happen here.'

Charles Vance Millar was a millionaire with an odd idea of a joke. One form of his humor was to bequeath brewery shares to teetotal advocates. Another was to offer a prize of $750,000 for the Toronto mother who could produce the most babies in ten years.

Five women claim that they have had nine apiece, and one says that she has had thirteen. The Supreme Court of Canada is sorting the matter out and the case stands adjourned until October. The Premier promises that it shall be the last.

HAPPY Hepburn continued his war on public monopolies, big business and bureaucracy. To the interests that they represented he ap-

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peared as a red agitator. To Mackenzie King, Premier of All-Canada and Leader of the Dominion Liberal Party, he must have seemed what Joe Chamberlain seemed in his republican days to his chief, dear old Mr. Gladstone.

Suddenly the scene changed. Across the American border John L. Lewis, organizer of a new kind of trade union, embracing all the workers in an industry, was upsetting all the old relations of capital and labor.

Lewis fought and beat General Motors in the United States. He compelled it to recognize the United Automobile Workers' Union. A few days later agents crossed the border to organize the workers of the Canadian branch of the company at Oshawa and Windsor, Ontario.

They led the men to demand a forty-hour week, more pay and union status. It seemed that the company officials were disposed to agree. Then it was that Happy Hepburn, back from a rest cure, thrust his oar into the comparatively calm waters.

Shouted Happy, 'An American labor-racket is exploiting Canadian workers. This is foreign intervention.' (The 'intervention' of foreign capital into Canada was not mentioned by Happy, though it was dealt with by the union speakers.)

Overnight negotiations were broken off. David Croll, Minister of Labor in the Hepburn Administration, resigned. So did Attorney-General Arthur Roebuck, and four less important officials.

Happy unearthed new and sinister threats to Canadian life. He proposed to call the militia to deal with them, though the police should have been able to handle 4,000 strikers. He also appealed to Earl Rowe, the leader of the Conservative Opposition, to rally round the Government in repelling the 'Red tide.' Earl Rowe refused. He rather approved of the men's claims, and did not at all approve of Happy Hepburn either in the rôle of Destroyer or Savior of Society.

After sixteen days' deadlock the strike ended, with shorter hours, higher wages and the recognition of the local union (which is affiliated with the C.I.O.).

Cynics said that Hepburn was not fighting the automobile workers, anyway. If you raise the wages of motor-car makers the easy way to recoup is to raise the price of your particular motor-cars. But Ontario is more concerned with mining gold than making motor-cars—and you can't raise the price of your particular gold. So it was said that Hepburn was really fighting a preventive war to keep John L. Lewis out of the gold mine area.

Today the most prominent supporter of Happy Hepburn in Ontario is George McCullagh, owner of the Toronto *Globe* and *Mail*, with large mining interests. Another admirer is Colonel George Drew, leader of the

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diehard section of the Conservatives. Earl Rowe refuses all suggestions that he should join with Hepburn to form a Coalition Government.

Meantime Hepburn has broken finally with his own chief, Mackenzie King. 'I am a reformer,' he declares, 'but I am not a Mackenzie King Liberal. I will tell the whole world that, and I hope he hears me!' Instead Hepburn praises another rebel, M. Maurice Duplessis, Prime Minister of Quebec, leader of the Union Nationale, a party of ex-Liberals and Conservatives who have won power on a vaguely Clerical-Fascist program of social reform. Says Hepburn: 'Duplessis is a great national character.'

He plans to hold an election this autumn challenging his Liberal chief, Mackenzie King. If he wins he will be ready to fight or negotiate on a Dominion-wide plane with the Tory chief, R. B. Bennett, whose grip on the Tory machine is now slackening. He still promises a New Deal to the people, and by way of starting it off has raised the wages of the civil servants.

Happy Hepburn sees himself head of a great new national movement. 'I will make this country "Happy Canada,"' he promises.

### Cerebral Offspring

Flashes of thought are like children in that, while you may be their father or mother, you have no control over their quality. Some of them are beautiful and much liked by others; other are not so good. Some of them are wiser than yourself; others are below your level. Some of them will survive you and live to an advanced age; others die in their infancy or are even still-born.

—John C. H. Wu in *Tien Hsia Monthly*, Shanghai

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'It is useless to be armed to the teeth
if your molars have nothing to chew . . .'

# Must Britain Starve *in* War?

*By* Cloudesley Brereton

From the *Contemporary Review*
London Topical Monthly

THERE is one form of national defense to which even the most convinced pacifist is not likely to object: the accumulation in Great Britain of adequate reserves of food against the event of war. The ordinary forms of rearmament, be they an increase in our military, naval or air force, can possibly be construed as a challenge to other nations; but the laying in of an adequate store of food is the surest form of defense, yet contains in it no suspicion of defiance. As Mr. Jonathan Griffin, the author of *Alternative to Rearmament*, has pointed out in the March number of *Headway*, it would further discourage attack inasmuch as it would reduce our 'present extreme vulnerability to a point when it will promise no chance of a quick victory to a sudden aggressor,' especially if it is coupled with the building of really up-to-date anti-aircraft guns —a matter that the Government has until recently entirely neglected. Again, the matter is not a political or party question but a national one; it affects in fact the welfare of every one of the 46 million inhabitants of this island—men, women and children. We are all vitally interested in knowing that, if this country is unhappily involved in another war, the daily bread of everyone is reasonably secure, whatever else may befall. Moreover, it is a matter which concerns the population of our crowded cities even more than those who live in the country. However strictly rationing may be carried out, the country people will suffer less, thanks to their gardens and allotments.

Although food is our first and last line of defense, the Government has been amazingly slow in taking up the question, especially if one compares its conduct in the matter with what it has already done in relation to the Army, Navy and Air Force. It has indeed appointed a subcommittee of the Coördinating Defense Committee to consider: (1) the storage of all kinds

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of food for use in emergency; (2) an increase in the production of food at home; (3) the protection of food supplies from overseas. It subsequently announced the appointment of a committee of the Board of Trade to work in conjunction with the above-mentioned committee for the formation of plans for the supply, control and distribution of feeding stuffs.

But, as Mr. Elliot drily informed a correspondent, the scheme was simply an elaboration of the planning which had been going on all last summer. Since the beginning of the year the Minister for the Coördination of National Defenses, Sir Thomas Inskip, enlarged on 'the need to increase agricultural production so that the claims upon the Navy and Mercantile Marine might be reduced in the event of war.' He went on to say: 'The Government had such an obvious motive to encourage the agricultural industry to grow more that it would be surprising if the Minister of Agriculture and his colleagues were not very active in considering measures to that end.'

II

One would have thought the motive was so obvious that it would have occurred to the powers that be that something should be done at least fourteen months ago. Yet up to the date of writing this article, no attempt has been made to carry out a single one of these schemes. How urgent is the need for immediate action should be clear for the following reasons:—

1. The next war, if it comes, will come like a thief in the night. Europe is full of dynamite, an explosion may occur anywhere at any time, and we may possibly be dragged in. 'The running sore' of Spain, which caused the downfall of Imperial France, may well cause the downfall of Europe.

2. The last war showed only too clearly the dangers of an inadequate food supply. We had at the outset five months' stock of wheat, yet at one time we were down to fourteen days' supply, owing to the depredations of the U-boats.

3. Our position today is much more precarious. We have 4 million mouths more to feed and 2 million acres less under grain, while much of the land (some say 16,000,000 acres) which was impoverished because of imperfect cultivation in 1918 has, owing to the agricultural depression, never been rehabilitated. Moreover, since 1921 some 120,000 laborers have left the land, and the exodus still continues.

4. As Lord Strabolgi has pointed out, we have now to import oil as well as grain, not only for the Navy but for a large portion of our Mercantile Marine, and practically all this has to come from overseas. Much of it, indeed, would have to run the gauntlet through the Mediterranean, which, because of our difficulties with Italy, might become something like a *mare clausum*. For the same reason, our supplies of wheat, meat and butter from Australia and New Zealand might have to take the longer route by the Cape.

5. We have fewer merchant ships and a smaller tonnage than in 1914 (14 million odd tons against 16 million), with little more than one-third of the cruisers available for convoy in comparison with 1914.

6. The U-boats with their far greater range will be more dangerous, while with the aircraft bombers, which to-

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day have a radius of 750 miles, our unarmed and unarmored merchant ships are liable to be attacked not only in the neighborhood of our ports or in the ports themselves, but on the high seas.

7. Finally, as Mr. Griffin and others have pointed out, our vulnerability today is far greater than in 1914, London being especially vulnerable. Much of our oil is stored in tanks on the banks of the Thames, while many of our flour mills are situated in ports on the East Coast, which renders them particularly exposed to attack by air raiders.

III

What are we to do? Sir Arthur Salter has urged in the *Times* a careful investigation of the desirability of keeping a year's food supply in the country. Two of the greatest authorities in the country, Sir Charles Fielding and Sir Herbert Matthews, who were both in the Ministry of Food during the War, have written or spoken about it. Sir Herbert has studied the question for over thirty years.

Suppose we err on the moderate side and take ten months' supply as the bare minimum. An official census last year of the holdings of millers and bakers estimated their holdings at three months' supply. One Sunday paper has recently stated it amounted to only eighteen days. With their mills, silos and flour-bins full they could probably hold four to five months' supply. This they could easily be induced to do by giving them a small bonus over and above their average for the last three years.

Extra storage accommodation could be provided if the Government would build granaries and silos to hold four months' supply. The cost of the silos would, in expert opinion, be about £10,000,000, or about the cost of one modern battleship. Of course they should be built in the west, in order to render them less exposed to air attacks. Some saving might be expected if the small disused country mills, which were closed under a system of rationalization, were utilized, and probably some of the derelict cotton mills in Lancashire could be adapted for the purpose. The wheat, of course, would have to be purchased abroad, preferably from the Dominions.

It is heartrending to think that had this been done only eight months ago the Government would have saved at least 50 per cent of the cost and started with a handsome balance in hand. But with Germany and Italy in the market and the world shortage of wheat, we shall have to pay through the nose. But if it is a question of national starvation, bread is more important even than guns and ships. It is useless to be armed to the teeth if your molars have nothing to chew.

The remainder of the wheat required could be found by raising the domestic wheat quota from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 quarters. Had this been done last autumn, eight months after the scheme was mooted, it would have cost far less than the wheat quota has cost in previous years, owing to the rise in wheat. Now we find that because of the fearfully wet season (the worst for over one hundred and twenty years) it has been possible to sow comparatively little spring wheat this year, and we are faced with the disquieting prospect of a comparatively moderate harvest, even if the

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weather becomes satisfactory. Even if the world price of wheat had not risen, the quota would have cost only a small fraction of the £1,500,000,000 it is proposed to spend on armaments.

Moreover, one cannot exaggerate the moral effect of the adoption of such a plan on the nerves of the nation. Only those who were behind the scenes in 1914–18 know the haunting terror felt at the lurking danger of starvation. On the next occasion it will be impossible to keep the truth from the man in the street. With our silos full, and the land producing larger crops, we should all, politicians and others, sleep soundly in our beds. Lord Hailsham has stated that if we lost the command of the sea for two or three weeks we should lose the war. But there is even more at stake than our existence as an independent nation. The whole of our 46 millions would be faced with starvation, especially as we would exhaust the miserably inadequate supply we are supposed to hold today. Would our victorious enemies feed our half-starved inhabitants, when they themselves were probably on short commons? The prospect is literally terrifying.

I have said nothing about the need to increase our supplies of home-produced meat; but with the Pig Marketing Board in ruins and the meager subsidy for bullocks of 5 shillings a hundred-weight totally insufficient in view of the rise in feeding stuffs, there seems little incentive for farmers to launch out on any large scheme for increasing their stock of pigs or bullocks. The outlook is indeed ominous. Moreover, few people seem to realize that apart from the 46 million human beings for whom food has to be found, there are 27 million horses, cows, bullocks, sheep and pigs to be fed, and 67 million head of poultry; and a large portion of their food and fodder has also to be imported. It would not be an unfair comparison to say that the food supply of the country resembles an inverted pyramid of which the home production represents the point on which it is balanced.

In view of the prolonged and inexplicable procrastination of the Government, it might be worth while suggesting to the housewives of this country to take up the idea of laying in an extra store of non-perishable foods, such as flour and tinned productions of all kinds, milk, meat, vegetables, jams, etc. The idea of doing one's bit, so popular in the last war, might well have a wide appeal. If they would gradually accumulate such supplies for a week, or a fortnight, or even longer, they would at least insure that their own families and children did not suffer so severely —for a while at least—from the drastic rationing which would have at once to be imposed if a war unhappily broke out. I particularly wish to stress the children; for as every doctor and teacher knows, they were the ones who suffered most in the last war from the effects of insufficient nutrition. Hoarding in time of war is a crime. In time of peace under such present conditions it is a civic virtue.

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A French journalist who recently visited Athens attacks the dictatorship, which is defended by the Greek dictator himself, General John Metaxas.

# Two Views *of* Greece

## I. Hitler's Greek Disciple

*By* Renaud de Jouvenel

Translated from *Clarté*, Paris Anti-Fascist Monthly

A NEW dictatorship was established in Greece on August 4, 1936—one more Hitlerian dictatorship in Europe. It is headed by General John Metaxas, whose previous rather undistinguished career had nothing in it to warrant such a destiny for him. Hitler's example has tempted this none too redoubtable warrior into dubious paths, and today, after having been one of the first Republicans and later one of the first Royalists in Greece, he is the first Hitlerian.

His rise to power was helped by domestic troubles, both political and economic, which a series of dictatorships, all of them more or less severe but none with any program, had been unable to remedy. The country was in great confusion, the treasury was empty and the people were showing their discontent more and more openly when General Condylis engineered the King's return.

At that time Metaxas was Vice-President. King George II, who was anxious at the beginning of his reign to show himself a liberal, soon changed his course through fear that he might grant too much. The Republic received its death blow when Venizelos recognized the King, as the Republicans were thereby deprived of their most influential leader. Neither the Liberals nor the Socialists had had time to influence the peasants, or, for that matter, the Greek people as a whole, in favor of a democratic alternative to the monarchy. In the eyes of all Venizelos was the only exponent of liberty. When he abandoned them, they no longer knew where to turn. Venizelos no doubt hoped eventually to return to power but his death and

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that of Condylis smoothed the way for Metaxas.

On August 4, 1936, he declared that the general strike scheduled for the next day was in reality a revolt and promptly decreed martial law. Then, on the pretext of saving the country from total collapse, he declared himself dictator. This, he claimed, was a temporary measure—to last only until the political parties found it possible to reach an agreement and form a government. The political parties blindly accepted this proposal and thereby tacitly approved Metaxas's future decrees. From that time on, he began to act as an absolute ruler and to apply the methods of his master Hitler.

At Salonica, where, his secret opponents assert, his own *agents provocateurs* fomented the disorders which served as his excuse for seizing power, the military acted ruthlessly and there were a number of deaths. A hundred persons suspected of liberalism or Marxism were immediately arrested and exiled without trial. A simple decree was made the grounds for deporting them to the penal islands.

In Athens arrests have been much more numerous and have gone on continuously. It is known that at the present time there are about 3,500 political exiles living on the islands, while no one knows how many more are in prison awaiting the Government's decision. These people are not necessarily Communists, although the Communist scare constantly serves the dictator as a pretext for his actions, but liberals, Socialists and very often simple poor people who have not the slightest idea of what it is all about and know nothing about Communism except the name.

So far Metaxas's activities have revealed his ruthless disregard for the law. Two leaders of the Greek League for the Rights of Man, Professors Zvolos and Tatsos, were deported to Milo. Their original sentence to a year's exile was reduced by the Court of Appeals to three months. Metaxas thereupon dismissed the President of the Court, decreed that the two unfortunates were to serve their terms in full and abolished the law which permitted the modification of their sentences.

It was to be expected that the few Communist Deputies would be dealt with summarily, but the régime has also exiled trade union leaders, professional men and women of prominence and intellectuals. In one instance, the authorities even went as far as to exile a young barber, for 'excessive and dangerous politeness, provocative of Communism.'

## II

Conditions on some of the prison islands are wretched. Some of them lack good water, so that their inhabitants are exposed to typhoid. Others lack ordinary provisions and none has sufficient housing or medical facilities. The Government allows the exiles the sum of 5 drachmas, or about 5 cents, a day for their upkeep! And so we see thousands of men deliberately exposed to sickness, cold, even death, without being permitted to provide themselves with adequate food and clothing.

The favorite method employed by the régime to extort confessions is a strong dose of castor oil, a method which has been used by other dictatorships. Two workers in Athens actually died after they had been forced to take too large a dose. Ancient forms of tor-

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ture also seem to be coming back into vogue. There is the case of one official whose head was crushed in a vise in an attempt to get a confession from him. A certain doctor, Andreopoulos, had his foot crushed for the same reason and a woman worker, Chryssa, was violated and then subjected to hideous torture. And in Athens one hears the story of Mavrodakis, a journalist on the staff of the underground *Rizospastis*, who was killed and thrown out of the window by the police. A courageous physician refused to confirm the verdict of suicide which was submitted for his signature, and his certificate states that Mavrodakis was killed before being thrown out of the window.

Strangely enough, Zachariades, the leader of the Communist Party, was treated less arbitrarily. He was not tortured and was actually granted the privilege of a trial. He was, however, sentenced to 4½ years in prison and 2 years on the islands for his 'opposition to the Government.' Later this verdict was changed to nine years imprisonment for a decade-old crime which he had not committed.

Hitler's methods can easily be recognized in this. The Greek Government has been copying them faithfully, even to the burning of books. About three hundred works have been condemned. Among them are those of Tolstoi, Dostoyevski, Spengler, Kant, Spinoza, Gide and Philindas's new Greek grammar. Only the most innocuous have managed to escape the censorship. The writer saw a volume of poems bearing the stamp of approval of the First Army Corps, which is doubtless well qualified to pass on the merit of books.

The censorship is directed not only against domestic enemies, but also against France. In Greek papers one reads daily that the devaluation of the franc is a proof of the anarchy now reigning in France. There are no comments, however, about the devaluation of the Italian lira. Every day the *Estia*, an evening daily with a large circulation, published some diatribes against Premier Blum, while other papers feature large portraits of Colonel de La Rocque, or reprint articles from the most reactionary French organs. The dictatorship has abolished the liberty of the press, and papers no longer appear without having passed under the censor's eye and pencil. Many journals have been taken over by the so-called Tourist Ministry.

III

There can be no doubt that Metaxas is supported by the King, who certainly profits from the régime. The King's foster country, England, may worry about the pro-German policy of Metaxas, but George II has no reason to complain. He was recently given a loan of 150 million drachmas (about $1,400,000), supposedly as a mortgage on one of the old royal estates. Yet in less than two years he has sent more than half a million dollars out of the country for safekeeping in foreign banks. Stock brokers accused of infractions of the Exchange Laws have confessed that they acted on the King's orders. Princess Catherine, the King's sister, is to receive a loan of about $370,000. These facts show why the royal house is unlikely to interfere with Metaxas.

One of the chief characteristics of this régime is its unpopularity among the masses, an unpopularity that is

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caused by the higher cost of living, the lowering of the salaries and the general impoverishment of the worker and the peasant. These have been the immediate results of the dictator's policy. Discontent is apparent everywhere. Proof of this can be seen in the unpopularity of the papers which are known to be in the Government's pay. Their circulation has fallen 70 per cent, while that of *Rizospastis*, an illegal paper, continues to soar.

The rank and file of the Greek people are turning away from the dictator more and more openly. Icy silence greets him during parades arranged specially to arouse popular enthusiasm. When the King and the dictator made their recent visit to Crete, the people did not conceal their hatred. It was apparent even in the mayors' speeches of welcome. Their departure was marked by such demonstrations that the Governor of Crete had to send in his resignation. On the other hand, the funeral in Athens of the old Republican leader, Papanastassiou, was attended by vast crowds.

The dictatorship is far from being popular; but it has behind it the army, the police and Germany. The latter does everything in her power to cultivate this new ally in the Mediterranean, where heretofore she has been without a base. Both Schacht and Goebbels visit Athens. Army orders from Greece go almost entirely to Germany. Metaxas's closest advisers are Falkenhausen, Commander von Habicht and Captain Miror. And there are rumors that the Germans have secured from Metaxas certain mysterious rights in the Lutraki region, near Corinth, and on the islands of Petalia and Anticythera. Are we to believe that these sites will be used as bathing resorts for the 'Strength Through Joy' cruises?

## II. My People Are With Me

*By* General John Metaxas

From the *Sunday Times*, London Conservative Weekly

[*The following explanation of his aims and methods was recently given by the Greek Premier to a special correspondent of the London* Sunday Times. The Editors.]

'GREECE is not a land of sentimentalists. England, a large, rich and powerful country, can afford to let herself be moved by sentimental considerations. My country is small; she is poor; her policy must of necessity be governed by practical considerations.

'I ask you to consider her geographical position. She is a Mediterranean country, and has no interests outside the Mediterranean. England, with whom we have traditional ties of friendship, is a great Mediterranean Power. Is it likely that I should allow sentiment to influence my foreign policy in a direction contrary to the interests of my country?

'Germany is an important customer for us because she buys our chief product, our tobacco. In return for this we take German goods, including a certain amount of armaments, since she cannot pay us in cash. Surely it is

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obvious that we should be only too glad to trade with England, whose currency is the strongest and the safest in the world.

'We do, indeed, buy English goods to the extent of double the amount of her purchases from us. The balance we pay from the profits of our trade with other countries; so that rightly England should regard Greece as a good customer. But she will not buy our tobacco—which you will admit is the best in the world. Some little time ago there was a question of Greece buying armaments from Great Britain. Had she been willing to take our tobacco in exchange the deal would have been effected; as it was, she offered a credit which we were unable to accept.

'I have saved the drachma. Now Greece needs peace and stability to consolidate her advance. I am working for that stability. I have raised the burden of debt from the small landowner; he no longer feels that his tiny plot of land is not really his. I have increased wages. Before I came to power women were working for as little as nine drachmas a day. I have trebled the minimum wage. Is it likely that my work is not appreciated? My Government is directed toward bettering the lot of the poor. I *feel* that they are with me.

'The English, I know, are by nature and tradition liberals. Even your most conservative politicians are at heart liberal. But England has a tradition of duty to the State which is felt by all classes. Greece, having lived centuries under foreign rule, lacks that sense of solidarity. She cannot learn it without discipline.

'England can afford the luxury of a free press. Greece cannot afford to offend her neighbors. The Balkan Entente was nearly wrecked by the follies of the press. Therefore I prevent indiscreet criticisms of foreign Powers in the press. Similarly, if the foreign press criticizes my actions I stop the newspapers' circulating in Greece. I have put an end to the kind of libel which formerly passed for political journalism in the Greek press. And I shall not permit the corruption of the youth of Greece by the type of feuilletons which used to be published in our newspapers.'

### The Bouncing Sausage

The industrial workers of the Palatinate are wont to buy and eat the ordinary kinds of sausage. These ordinary, fixed-price kinds of sausage at times showed a questionable deterioration of quality, especially when fat, lard, pork and vitals were scarce. This sausage, when thrown against the wall, rebounded like a rubber ball. Nutritive value equal to zero.

—Price Supervisor of Speyer in the *Rheinfront*

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Profit, not pity, dictated the recent agreement to protect the whale.

# Help *for* Moby Dick

*By* James Blake

From the *New Statesman and Nation*
London Independent Weekly of the Left

THE International Conference on Whaling, which lately finished its business in London with the signature of an Agreement for the regulation of whaling, was concerned not, as some might think, with the protection of whales, but with the preservation of the whaling industry—not, that is to say, to prevent the killing of whales, but to make sure that there shall always be plenty of whales to kill. One whose sympathy with suffering animals I respect and admire observed to me, in bitter indignation against the inhuman slaughter that occurs annually in the Antarctic Ocean, 'So long as whale ships escape disaster I cannot believe in a decent, merciful God.' That may sound illogical; but she felt that He, who marks the fall of a sparrow, might be expected to intervene sometimes on behalf of the greatest and least offensive of all His creatures.

Whaling is, indeed, a revolting business, but that aspect of it was not within the terms of reference of the Conference which only once, and incidentally, referred to it. Whales are the object of commercial exploitation. They stand for margarine, soap and high explosives. We must have edible fats to live; there is a fairly widespread prejudice in favor of washing; and nobody will dispute that we must have the wherewithal to kill one another. It is true that one can get margarine and soap out of vegetable oils—I am no chemist, and I am not so sure about the high explosives—but you can get these essential commodities at the highest rate of profit out of whales. The task of the Conference was to insure that the goose which lays such an abundance of golden eggs shall not be killed.

The history of whaling, which covers approximately ten centuries, is one of progressive destruction of the stocks of whales to the verge of extermination. The Biscay right whales, or Nordcapers, and the Greenland right whales are represented today by only a few scattered survivors.

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Yet we are told that 1,959 Greenland whales were killed off Spitzbergen in the year 1697 by 188 ships employing the old method of throwing the harpoon by hand from an open boat.

One may believe that had whalers been content with the old hazardous method of the hand-thrown harpoon, an appreciable remnant of the Arctic right whales might still survive; but in the latter part of the last century, a Norwegian, Svend Foyn, invented the harpoon gun. The gun propels a harpoon, with a grenade at its point, which bursts on impact, to a distance far beyond the power of a man's arm. And this gun is fired from the bow of a sea-going ship from which the stricken whale can easily be controlled.

This new method of hunting rapidly reduced the right whale stocks to insignificant numbers and brought within range of destruction two new species of baleen whales which, owing to their speed, their enormous bulk and their great power, were too formidable a quarry for those who employed the old, primitive methods. These were the fin whale and the blue whale. The blue whale is the largest of all living creatures, and, almost certainly, the largest the world has ever seen. It is reported to reach a length of 100 feet and its weight has been put, by calculation, at between 150 and 200 tons. If one considers the length and bulk of a full-grown elephant in relation to these measurements, it will be seen that the volume of a blue whale is equivalent to that of about twenty elephants.

II

Today the chief center of whaling is in the wide, inhospitable Antarctic Ocean. The comparatively narrow waters of the Arctic and of the North, and indeed of the South, Seas having been so denuded of whales that the whaling industry was steadily declining, the discovery was made that whales, especially blue and fin whales, were abundant in Antarctic waters. The full extent of this abundance was not known till later; but enough was revealed to lead to the establishment of stations with whale factories in South Georgia and elsewhere in the Falkland Islands Dependencies.

The scientific researches of the *Discovery* staff have revealed that the Antarctic Ocean, especially near the ice edge, is richer in certain nutrient salts upon which marine life fundamentally depends than any other waters of the world. As a result these waters are the richest in marine life, beginning with minute plant life. Of marine animals the most abundant by far are certain prawns growing to a length of about two inches. These little creatures are the almost exclusive food of the 150-ton blue whales and the smaller, though still gigantic, fin whales.

In this diet of prawns we find the explanation of the function of the baleen. The baleen whales have enormous heads in proportion to their bodies; they have no teeth and a comparatively small swallow. The baleen depends from the upper jaw in a series of plates like the slats of a Venetian blind. The sides of the lower jaw curve upward; upon it there lies an enormous tongue. The prawns swim in the surface layers of the water in dense masses. The whales cruise through the waters teeming with countless millions of the prawns, and, as they go, take into their huge mouths great gulps of prawns and water. Closing their

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mouths, they drive the water out by the pressure of their tongues and, as water passes through the baleen, as through a sieve, the prawns are left behind to be swallowed. On this diet the whales grow exceedingly fat, developing a thick layer of blubber to protect the body from cold. From the same source every part of the whale's body, even to the bones, becomes impregnated with oil, which gives them an unrivaled buoyancy in the water. In the water the whale is perfectly at home. A stranded whale is helpless. Its loosely knit skeleton, the bones of which are very porous and saturated with oil, is unfit to support its great bulk against the solid earth, and the stranded whale quickly suffocates itself by the pressure of its own weight upon its lungs.

Among the toothed whales by far the most important is the sperm whale, immortalized in the classical story of Moby Dick. This whale feeds on various fishes, but chiefly, so far as our knowledge goes, on the half-legendary giant squid. A great part of our knowledge of the giant squid comes from examination of the contents of the stomachs of sperm whales.

The most remarkable feature of the sperm whale is its head, nearly equal in length to one-third of its body, lofty and bluntly truncated. The skull has no bony top but is surmounted by a great fibrous mass divided into compartments, each of which is full of liquid oil. This is the famous spermaceti from which the best wax candles used to be made. As much as five tons of oil may be drawn from the head of a single sperm whale. Beneath this massive head is a long narrow lower jaw armed with about fifty conical teeth corresponding to hardened grooves in the upper jaw. Sperm whales, which range over practically all seas, are brought under protection by the new Agreement. Formerly such measures of protection as were enforced by some governments, including that of the United Kingdom, were applied only to baleen whales upon which the wholesale destruction of recent years has been chiefly concentrated.

III

As long as whaling in the Antarctic depended upon land stations within the Falkland Islands and their dependencies, whaling was under control. The Government leased the land stations to whaling companies subject to conditions which put a brake on destruction. But the invention of the floating factory, which could follow the whales outside territorial waters and therefore outside control, changed the conditions fundamentally. Multitudes of whales were found, especially near the ice edge. The first floating factories achieved success almost beyond the dreams of avarice. In the Antarctic summer of 1930–1931 no less than 42,000 whales were killed, and in the corresponding period of 1935–1936 nearly 45,000. It is horrible to think of; but fortunes were made, so what matter? But the latest statistics have shown that the average length of the whales taken is declining steadily. This is the surest indication that the stock is in danger. It means that fewer and fewer whales are being allowed to grow to the age at which they reach physical maturity and reproduce themselves.

Rising oil prices led to expansion of the whaling fleets, and nations which had hitherto been content to import

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their supplies of oil determined to become producers for their own needs. Germany and Japan entered the field. The United Kingdom and Norway, which hitherto had been the only countries that seriously counted in whaling, had already foreseen the danger and had, by legislative controls and by prompting voluntary control among the companies, done something to rationalize the slaughter. They invited the rest of the countries that had whaling interests, however modest, to confer as to future regulation. Most of them responded and this Conference begat the new Agreement. Whether the Agreement will achieve anything, only experience can prove.

It imposes a closed season of nine months for Antarctic whaling by means of floating factories and of six months for all land stations; it fixes size limits below which the various species of whales may not be killed—and these, though probably not low enough, are lower than any hitherto imposed; it closes large areas of sea altogether to whaling with floating factories; and it regulates the disposal of whales which are killed so as to avoid any waste of material. These regulations must, it seems, slow up destruction; but their effect can be largely defeated by the multiplying of expeditions or by the fostering in other countries of whaling industries free from all restraint.

So far, so good. If these regulations achieve their object of conserving the stock of whales, they will cause satisfaction not only to the money-makers, but also to those who hate to see man destroying species he can never replace. They will give little satisfaction to those who regard with horror the brutal slaughter of helpless, harmless creatures. But they may take some slight comfort from a sentence in a document appended to the Agreement relating to further measures for future consideration. It is suggested that to avoid waste through whales being fatally injured but lost, there should be some regulation of the methods of killing. Such regulations 'may be expected to abate something of the undoubted cruelty of the present methods of whaling.' Here, at last, commerce and humanity very gingerly join hands.

### And Irish Hospitals

The authors of the Free Irish State live *in* Ireland but *on* England and America.

—Liam O'Flaherty

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Dr. Ho reveals China's economic weakness at a time when she needs to be strong; and Mr. Kohno declares that Japan's laboring masses want peace.

# East Asian Portents

## I. Three Cycles of Cathay

*By* Dr. Franklin L. Ho

From the *People's Tribune*, Shanghai Nationalist Semi-Monthly

In political organization, education and morale, China has advanced with tremendous strides during the past three years. But in one vitally important direction she lags dangerously far behind. This is in the development of a modern economy. Even the casual student of China quickly observes the medieval and semi-colonial character of her economic organization. China, largely agricultural and relatively undeveloped, has hardly begun the process of economic modernization.

Economically, China may be divided into three main regions, and three cycles of development: the ports, the hinterland served by railways and rivers, and the interior. In the first, industrial capitalism, which is historically a foreign importation, is of increasing importance; in the second, it is growing but is still in its infancy; in the third, *i.e.*, the interior, which is much the largest of all, it hardly exists.

The six Provinces of Kiangsu, Liaoning, Hopei, Kwangtung, Shantung and Hupeh contain some 10 per cent of the area of China and about one-third of her total population, but they account for 92 per cent of her foreign trade, over one-half of her railways, 93 per cent of the cotton-yarn spun, 92 per cent of the silk reeled, 86 per cent of the oil pressed and 87 per cent of the electric-power generated.

Chinese agriculture, the means of livelihood for four-fifths of her population, is characterized by intensive utilization of labor and an almost complete absence of mechanization. The strip system that still prevails was a familiar feature of medieval farming.

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In industry one can assert without fear of contradiction that from two-thirds to three-fourths of our production is derived from small-scale industries of the handicraft type, which are carried on more in villages than in towns. Local periodical markets, the relics of a medieval economic order, constitute the most extensive channel of distribution, while the multiplicity of standards of weights and measures used far exceeds that in medieval times.

The absence of adequate machinery for investment; the reliance on indirect taxation as the chief source of national revenue; the negligible annual income of less than $9.00 *per capita;* the predominance of raw materials and foodstuffs among Chinese exports; the fact that the sources from which great fortunes are derived are still almost as often official perquisites and military plunder as profits of industry—all these emphasize the essentially medieval character of China's economy.

II

In parts of the country, however, this traditional economic order no longer stands alone. For more than a generation a new type of economic technique and industrial structure has been developing on the fringe of a society based on handicraft methods and small-scale units. Indeed, the part played in China by machinery, power, the mass organization of production and the financial mechanism which these things imply has greatly increased in the last quarter of a century. But here, as elsewhere, the important point is not the modernization itself but the semi-colonial character of that modernization.

It is still true that more than one-quarter of the Chinese railway mileage, more than two-thirds of the steam tonnage in shipping, more than one-half of the capital invested in cotton mills, and a smaller but still important proportion of that invested in oil mills, tobacco factories and banks is in the hands of foreigners. Foreign factories in China, especially the Japanese, have offered overwhelming competition to those started by Chinese, which have had to struggle along without the assistance of protective tariffs, bounties, subsidies and other forms of governmental aid.

Cotton spinning and weaving is a typical example of a foreign industry on Chinese soil which, by its strong competition, is making it virtually impossible for the native enterprises to continue their losing fight. In coal-mining—the only extractive industry of importance in the present-day China—some 60 per cent of the total output is raised by foreign undertakings.

As to iron, approximately 82 per cent of China's small deposits are the property of Japanese concerns and a large proportion of her annual output is exported to Japan. In a reasonable world or a world of ideals such conditions might not matter; with the world as it is today they matter a great deal.

The coëxistence of both the medieval and semi-colonial features in the national economy of China accounts for many of her serious economic problems today. Among these may be mentioned the paradox that while our technique and organization for production remain essentially medieval, our habits of consumption have become ultra-modern. Hence, we have

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the persistence of an excess of imports over exports and an uninterrupted decline of rural China ever since her contact with the industrial Powers of the West.

Rural China went through this process of decline after the Opium War of 1841–2, no less than the rural England or France did a century ago; the great difference is that along with the decline of the countryside in England and France there arose *pari passu* an urban industrial order throughout those countries, while in China such a compensating development has failed to take place because, as a semi-colony in the race for economic modernization, she has been given no opportunity for independent growth. Furthermore, economic modernization has been hitherto localized because it is semi-colonial; it is confined largely to the eastern coast and rarely ventures into the precarious world that lies beyond the regions of the ports and rivers.

A posture so unnatural cramps and distorts the economic and political growth of the country which suffers it. It is as though the blood which should circulate through the body were confined by a tourniquet within a single limb.

The capital which should fertilize the resources of undeveloped areas is immobilized in few great cities, and especially in Shanghai. The economic methods and social conditions of the Middle Ages continue unchanged within a few hours of the twentieth century. As in the Europe of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the town fears and despises the country and the country suspects and dislikes the town. The China of the interior and the China of the eastern coast and the Yangtze basin form almost two separate organisms. In their economic organization and intellectual habits, they are virtually strangers to each other.

III

China is known as a country with a large area and an abundance of natural resources, but the truth is that while our area is large, our natural resources are by no means abundant. For industrial development, the most important natural resources are coal, iron, oil and potential water power. According to the researches of the Chinese Geological Survey, the known coal resources of China are 250 billion tons, giving her fourth position among the nations of the world. At the present scale of production, the coal reserves of China would last for about 1,000 years, though with steeply rising costs before the end of the period. Yet most of the coal deposits, it must be remembered, are inconveniently situated, and only part of them is suitable for coking.

The iron supplies of China are much more scanty. The estimate of the Chinese Geological Survey reveals that iron deposits amount to 1,133 million tons, or possibly something over two tons per head of population, as compared with 38 tons per head in the United States. Three-fourths of China's limited iron resources, it should be remembered, is situated in Liaoning, while over half of the remainder is located in North China. So far as it is known, China has no important oil resources, and the possibilities of hydro-electric energy have yet to be explored. It is possible that water-power may be developed on a considerable scale in parts of Southern

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China, but it is significant that at present the scientists speak with greater hesitation than the politicians of the part it is likely to play in the future economic development of the country.

China's greatest resource is her huge reserve of human labor which is exceptionally industrious and in many cases, with the necessary training, fitted for work requiring great accuracy and skill. Its most serious economic defect is that owing to its abundance it is cheap, with the result that the introduction of machinery has been much discouraged. She also has very valuable raw materials for important light industries such as cotton and silk, produces many agricultural products which pass through simple industrial processes before consumption, and she possesses a large home market which at present—owing to deficient communications and the low standard of living of the rural population—has a small effective demand.

If China is to make the most of her somewhat limited resources, she should aim at modernization—modernization that must be free and independent, with the object of benefiting the entire country and not special regions, and of promoting the interests of the whole nation and not of some privileged class. If this is to be brought about, there must be a continuous improvement in communications combined with the simultaneous development of her agriculture in respect to both technique and organization. Transport is the condition of the progress of agriculture, and the prosperity of agriculture will swell the effective demand for the products of industry. This is the only way in which we can break the vicious circle which links economic stagnation to political disorder, and political disorder to economic stagnation. Once we have created an adequate system of transport, disorder will be diminished; and with the diminuation of disorder, economic enterprise, instead of being tied to the coast, will spread into the interior and, as it spreads, will create barriers against the return of disorder.

## II. Mass Stirrings in Japan

*By* Mitsu Kohno

From *Contemporary Japan*, Tokyo Political and Economic Quarterly

THE proletarian movement in Japan is at present concentrated in two bodies which, despite the separate fields in which they operate, maintain the closest coöperation with each other: the Japan Labor Union Council and the Social Mass Party. There are certain other proletarian bodies, it is true, but they can be disregarded for all practical purposes.

The Japan Labor Union Council consists of about 264,000 members, nearly 70 per cent of the total number of organized laborers. It is the central organ, the hub around which the wheel of the Japanese labor movement revolves, the only important non-affiliated bodies with similar aims being the Navy Service Labor Union Federation and the Japan Transportation Labor Federation. The Social Mass Party, on the other hand,

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exists for political aims, as a mouthpiece of the masses. It is already regarded as the third major political party in Japan and in the elections of April 30th increased its representation in the Diet from 18 to 37 Deputies. It has also won strong representation in the prefectural and city assemblies.

The two central proletarian organizations sketched above came into existence in 1932. In that year various labor groups, until then lacking in unified control, were merged with either the Japan Labor Union Council or the Social Mass Party. And now that the cloud of reaction is looming upon the horizon, these unified labor forces are striving to present a united front. Thus, taking all factors into consideration, the eventual outcome of the struggle is likely to have an important bearing on Japanese politics and national economics.

The labor movement in Japan has a history of twenty-six eventful years, a period filled with disturbances and incidents such as have often called for indefatigable efforts, resiliency and great courage on the part of its sponsors. In 1890 a few thinkers in sympathy with labor began a movement on its behalf and greater activity was witnessed in 1900; but it was not until the establishment of the Yuaikai on September 1, 1911, that the real domestic labor movement can be said to have assumed definiteness of aim and outline.

The Yuaikai (literally 'Friendship Society') was, as its name indicates, a society designed to promote friendship and closer coöperation among the laboring classes. Later the Yuaikai's name was changed to the Japan Federation of Labor. In January, 1936, after having made substantial efforts towards the unification of the working classes, this federation was merged with the National Federation of Labor.

The three years' business boom commencing in 1917 led to widespread labor disputes, which in turn gave rise to the organization of various labor unions; but these unions were only loosely organized and controlled. In addition to their lack of unity there was the difficulty of divergent ideologies. At first syndicalism stood against Marxism; later, Communism stood against anti-Communism. In addition to all these troubles, personal differences between leaders were infused into the equation, and there was little real unity until only a short time ago.

At its inception the labor movement in Japan was limited to an economic aim. However, the situation changed with the enactment in 1925 of universal manhood suffrage. The movement developed a political character under the guidance of intellectuals, especially of school students. This promising beginning, however, proved abortive, owing to the development of radical ideas at variance with practical politics. Moreover, regarded as a political force, Japan's proletariat was from the start divided into three different units: the Left Wing, consisting of the Laborers' and Farmers' Party and the Communists; the Center, composed of the Japan Mass Party and others; and the Right Wing, supported by the Social Democrats. All others were merely planetary labor groups moving around the 'Big Three,' sometimes combining into units of their own, only to separate again.

Under such chaotic conditions were

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held the general elections of 1928—the first election in which universal manhood suffrage was operative—1930 and 1932. Naturally the results at the polls were unsatisfactory. Eight Diet members were returned from the proletarian camps at the first election, but there were only five successful candidates in each of the second and third elections; while in the case of prefectural elections, the returns were equally disappointing.

These bitter experiences, heightened by the Mukden Incident and the subsequent wave of reaction, forced the leaders of the proletariat to reconsider the whole position. The result was that, following the prefectural elections held in the autumn of 1935 and the general election of early 1936, the Social Mass Party was formed to strengthen labor's political front and the Japan Labor Union Council organized for furthering the economic interests of the masses. And in a sense the long struggle of the Japanese proletariat can be said to have borne its first fruit, a new solidarity.

II

The Japan Labor Union Council was first organized on September 25, 1932, rallying under its banner ten influential labor unions embracing about 80 per cent of all the organized laborers in the country. Later, with the growing influence of the so-called Nipponism labor movement, some of the Council's members deserted the Council in favor of nationalism, while others were forced to leave under the pressure of the powerful industrialists. But the number of these deserters was small and the majority are still in the massive citadel of the Council. The only setback that the Council has since had was the recent dissolution of the Government Enterprise Labor Federation, a body organized in 1913 by workers in the military arsenals and one of the most important components of the Council.

The policies of the Council are clearly revealed by the planks of its platform, such as anti-Capitalism, anti-Communism, anti-Fascism, and the slogan, 'A Sound Labor Movement.' As previously remarked, the Council is closely related to the Social Mass Party and coöperates fully with it.

Fascist circles naturally attack the Council, although the latter is the main combination of moderate and fair-minded labor unions in Japan. The Council has the right to recommend to the Government a candidate to represent Japan at the International Labor Conference of the League of Nations. It even took the initiative in founding the Asiatic Labor Union with similar bodies in China, India and Ceylon.

The paramount object of the Asiatic Council is to elevate Oriental labor disputes to the level of those in Occidental countries. Its discussions are limited to economic problems. Thus the standing of the Japan Labor Union Council has been considerably enhanced in the Far East, but, except for the Japan Mariners' Union's membership in the International Transportation Federation, it has no other international connections. Instead, it is concentrating on domestic problems, more especially on the fight for the legal right of federation. It has been trying to push the necessary bill through the Diet, and a petition is annually filed in the Diet over the

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signatures of 100,000 organized laborers. But so far, despite the most strenuous efforts, the Fascist-tinged groups have succeeded in preventing governmental consideration being given to this claim.

The other side of the proletarian picture is the Social Mass Party. This party was organized in July, 1932, as a result of a merger between the then existing Social Democrats and the Mass Party. When first organized, the Party had to combat the wave of reaction which was sweeping Japan. The Party stood against Japan's departure from the League of Nations and advocated the need of concluding a mutual non-aggression pact with the Soviet Union.

There is no disputing the fact that the Social Mass Party is now widely supported by organized laborers, farmers, salaried men, medium-sized and small-scale businessmen and industrialists, and unorganized farmers and laborers. This statement is based on the result of votes in an Osaka electoral constituency, which, although it cannot be called infallible because of the complicated nature of Japan's class organization, is believed to be fairly accurate. A noteworthy point in this connection is that a large number of medium-sized and small-scale business men and industrialists are inclined to vote for the proletarian party, which seems to indicate that this class is rapidly sinking under the heavy pressure of competition from its more powerful competitors.

People of this class, however, are likely to swing to the banner of Fascism unless ably guided by the Social Mass Party, but the fact of their enlisting, even temporarily, in the Party's ranks, has greatly enlivened the fight against Fascism. Abstention from voting was startling among unorganized laborers and farmers. Even if this is ascribable to lack of political consciousness and training, it points the way to a very large field in which the party can expand its influence. All things considered, the future holds great promise for the Social Mass Party. At its fifth plenary session the Party stated its fundamental principles in the slogan, 'Opposition to Capitalism and Construction of Socialism'—to be more exact, to destroy the structure of capitalistic economy by rational means, thereby establishing a socialist economy.

The Party's foreign policy is built around the desideratum of international coöperation. Realizing that the main cause of the present-day international disputes lies in economic nationalism, the Party suggests the convening of a world economic conference. It interprets Fascism as an outgrowth of international tension and holds that the rational way to combat it lies in readjusting international relations.

The domestic policies of the Social Mass Party cover a complicated and diversified field. The main features can be summarized as follows: State management of principal industries; the establishment of a national pension system; tax reform calculated to reduce the financial burdens of the masses; the establishment of a labor union law and a tenant-farming law. Moreover, the party opposes Fascism on the one hand and the popular front movement of a Communistic nature on the other. A popular front movement began to be advocated in Japan during the later part of 1936; but the Social Mass Party withheld its sup-

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port on the reasoned ground that a reckless following of unscrupulous overseas movements is harmful, whereas the continuance of anti-Fascist policies will strengthen the party's following.

The prospects of Japan's labor movement are difficult to predict, but it is easy to see that the development of the Social Mass Party and the future of the Japan Labor Union Council will be seriously affected, one way or the other, by the future political drift in Japan. The Fascists seem to be temporarily in the saddle. But when the present storm of reaction subsides, the proletarian movement will assert itself with renewed vigor.

There is, of course, one very weak point, a grave defect, indeed, in the proletarian movement. It is that the ratio of organized laborers is too small in comparison with the total of laborers in Japan—less than 400,000 to 5,900,000, or approximately 6 per cent. No labor union exists in the very large factories such as those maintained by the country's two largest business interests, Mitsui and Mitsubishi. This accounts for the Council's difficulty in campaigning for the legal right of federation.

Regarded broadly, the political movement of the Social Mass Party is more likely to expand freely than the economic movements of the labor unions. Some capitalists who do not permit their employees to join the Council are tolerant about their support of the Social Mass Party. Moreover, some labor unions, not themselves members of the Council, are giving support to the Social Mass Party. At present, the Party's major worry is its financial weakness, but its supporters are not pessimistic about the future. They are firm in the belief that financial and other support will be forthcoming as the public becomes convinced of the Party's proven worth.

If Fascist influence becomes predominant in the immediate future, the Social Mass Party will doubtless be placed in a temporary predicament. But a Fascist policy has no possibility of gaining enduring support, and when the Fascists go down, the proletarian Party will resume its rapid growth. In the meantime, the Social Mass Party intends to increase public confidence through sponsoring the belief that Japan's foreign policy must follow the line of coöperation. Circumstances being as they are, the Party cannot quickly expand its sphere of influence. It will have to zigzag its way, sometimes deviating from the more direct road to attain its aims. With the substantial progress already made, the proletariat of Japan can be said to be looking forward to a day of better things.

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Three short satires on the Covenant, junketing statesmen and Soviet architecture, and an account of a convention in Moscow by a British guest.

# Satirists' Corner

## I. We Revise the Covenant!

*By* Gilbert Murray

From *Headway*, Organ of the British League of Nations Union

SEVERAL influential letters have recently appeared in The *Times* objecting to the 'economic sanctions' of the Covenant, and particularly to any suggestion that a State Member of the League, merely because it is peaceful and law-abiding, ought to receive, if attacked, any protection from the rest. Such protection, they point out, even if reduced to the most modest terms, cannot but offend certain strong and dynamic nations and thus impair the 'universality' of the League, which can be much better assured by expelling from time to time any weaker nation which is in need of protection.

The following slight amendments of the Covenant would, we hope, meet the desires of these critics.

### PREAMBLE

The High Contracting Parties

In order to promote international coöperation among the vital and well-armed nations and to minimize the inconveniences attending such wars as they may find necessary or desirable,

By the abolition of international law and treaty obligations wherever they might interfere with the actual conduct of governments,

By establishing due respect for force in the dealings of organized peoples with one another, and the prescription of such variety in the treatment of different nations as may accord with their respective armaments and vitality,

By the suppression of all facts which may contravene the statements and obstacles which may thwart the will of the vital and well-armed nations,

Agree to this Covenant of the Reformed League of Nations.

### ARTICLE X

The Members of the League under-

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take to respect and preserve the preparations and results of external aggression in all cases where the territorial integrity or existing political independence of a decadent or contented nation causes offense to one better-armed or more vital.

### ARTICLE XI

In case of any war or threat of war, it shall be the friendly right of each Member of the League to inquire of the aggressor what country he desires to attack and what result he desires to obtain, in order that, by depriving that country of arms and supplies, they may take wise and effectual action to reduce the length of the war.

### ARTICLE XVI

Should any Member of the League, in disregard of its covenants under Articles XII, XIII or XV, resort to war, it shall, *ipso facto*, be held to have proved itself a vital and well-armed nation and shall be respected as such by all other Members of the League, which hereby undertake to regard the nation attacked as *prima facie* weak and decadent and to subject it to the severance of all relations, diplomatic, commercial, financial and personal:

Provided always that nothing in the above shall prejudice the right of Members of the League to receive payment for supplies from the decadent nation so long as the supplies are not sent, or to assist in the plunder and dismemberment of the said decadent nation either during the war or after.

If, which God forbid, the attack should prove unsuccessful and the war be prolonged, the other Members of the League shall meet and reconsider their attitude towards the respective combatants.

## II. Statesman on Vacation

*By* Roda Roda

From the *Neues Tagebuch*, Paris German Émigré Weekly

WHENEVER a statesman needs a vacation he takes a trip, not, mind you, for a month or six weeks like other professional people—no, just for a few days. Nor does he choose Switzerland, a seashore resort in Brittany, or some other pleasant spot. No, the statesman goes to the capital of some country, in the middle of the hottest summer—to a city then being carefully avoided by all sensible people—the capital of a country with which the statesman's relations are somewhat strained.

The trip is 'strictly private.' The press of both countries emphasizes this fact, and to make it more credible (who believes it anyway?) the statesman takes along his wife. There may be statesmen who would rather go without their wives or with some other woman. . . . On the other hand, one can imagine wives who will not be prevented from participating in the vacation of their Ministerial husbands.

On the way, in the capitals of the border countries, the statesman's Ambassadors, Consuls and local compatriots appear on the station platforms as they pass through, and the statesman's wife receives beautiful flowers; the most beautiful bouquet is presented at the border station of the

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country of his destination, with ribbons in the national colors. At this place there appear, besides the Ambassador, Consuls and compatriots, a delegation of the country that he is visiting: the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Chief of Protocol and the Prefect of the District. According to the political significance of the visitor from fifty to five hundred feet of organizations have been lined up; nor should we forget the numerous sturdy gentlemen in derbies who move around alertly and constantly cheer the honored guests with hoarse voices—they are detectives. The officials deliver speeches; they listen attentively to the national anthems of both countries and shake hands. When the statesman's wife presses the national colors to her heart, no loyal eye is undimmed.

Kisses on both cheeks, however, are not exchanged until the capital itself is reached, where a carpet has been spread from the stair of the special train to the gala waiting room. The carpet is flanked on each side by a guard of honor which must be reviewed. A little farther in the rear is a forest of flags. In its shadow there stand, beside the Foreign Secretary of the country (and his wife), the Ambassadors and envoys of friendly nations (and their respective wives). If the country that is honored by the visit is an ally of the traveling statesman's, then there are in addition: the Minister of War (with his wife), the Chief of the General Staff (with wife). If the friendship is a particularly violent one, the Crown Prince and sometimes even the Cardinal will be at the station.

From the station the vacation-hungry couple drive in an open car through the crowds and the whir of newsreel cameras to the suite which has been reserved in the most exclusive hotel in town. Barely a quarter-hour later, at 10:50 A.M., flowers must be deposited on the grave of the Unknown Soldier while newsreels are taken. At 11:02 A.M., they visit the war cemetery and indulge in silent prayer until 11:04 A.M. Then to the Palace where they receive a hearty welcome from the Chief Executive of the State until noon; then they pay a visit to the Foreign Secretary, which is immediately reciprocated. The same procedure is followed with the visitor's own Ambassador, the Minister of War and a Cardinal.

Lunch at 12:30 P.M. accompanied by two speeches and as many anthems. 1 o'clock: a musical performance by the statesman's fellow citizens, also two speeches, two anthems and another beautiful bouquet of flowers. The athletic society of the statesman's country also cannot be prevented from honoring him with an exhibition and Madame with a bouquet of flowers. The women's organization naturally cannot stand back either, so it presents a pageant.

Military parade at 4 o'clock. At 4:30 (our statesman is now ten minutes behind time) there is an inspection of a native art exhibit (two speeches, two anthems, a bouquet of flowers). The scheduled visit to the Orphan's Home is canceled in favor of a visit with the Minister of the Interior.

The visit is over at 5:45 P.M., and just in time, for at 6 o'clock the banquet takes place (three speeches, three anthems, countless bouquets). At 7:15 the couple attend a special performance at the opera. 'Afterwards' the

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press reports, 'the two statesmen retired for a lengthy discussion' (from 10:03 to 10:07 P.M.).

Next morning the much-fêted couple, having enjoyed an excellent vacation, start on their trip home in a special car of the Express and are everywhere greeted just as warmly as they were yesterday. The conversation of the two Ministers, the newspapers report, has resulted in perfect agreement.

Upon reaching home, the statesman reads the communiqué from the other side. The slight ill feeling between the States seems to have deepened a little since he set forth on the visit.

## III. Soviet Architects' Congress

*By* Clough Williams-Ellis

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

WHEN the enthusiastic architects of the Soviets, gathered in Moscow for their first All-Union Congress, asked me, their invited British guest, whether I was not astonished at what had been done since my last visit in 1931, I was able to reply with substantial truth: 'Not in the least. It's what I knew you could and would do, and you've done it.'

Never was a technical congress less narrowly professional. It began with a gala feast of suitably immense proportions at the Moscow Architects' Country Club, twenty miles outside the city; a dozen courses, a dozen toasts, and all else in due proportion. The last official occasion at which I was able to be present ten days later was an even more resplendent banquet given to some five hundred of us by the Moscow City Soviet in the not yet formally opened terminal building of the new Moscow-Volga canal. For sheer opulence and general splendor I have never seen a feast to touch it.

In between these two special festivities, relieved and interspersed by nights at the ballet and the other usual diversions and gaieties of Moscow, besides visits to dozens of new buildings under the guidance of their several architects, came the real business of the long agenda conducted in the palatial old Nobles' Club. In the glittering galleries was set out an exhibition of architectural models, projects, photographs and samples—the great white-pillared ballroom packed with a thousand Soviet delegates. An array of immense red velvet banners is draped behind the platform, on which at a long table sit the presidium with the chairman for the day in the center behind the speakers' pulpit, which had been effectively occupied, when last I was there, by Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Loudspeakers up amongst the gold and crystal chandeliers made the speeches easily audible over the whole great hall—but not, alas! intelligible to illiterates such as I. However, we foreign architect guests in our flanking gallery are divided into two groups according as we prefer our translations in French or English, and our several interpreters give us efficient running commentaries.

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'Yes, the woman speaking now represents the Soviet Union of Writers, author of the famous book *Hydrocentral*—she is asking the architects what they think they are for, why don't they study their fellow-creatures and their psychologies as successful novelists need to do. She makes good fun of them.'

'That is Tamarina, the great actress. She pleads for better acoustics and a more festive theater décor. This woman is from the ball-bearing factory and is speaking for many thousand housewives, her fellow women workers.'

'This man is a town-planner, but particularly interested in landscape gardens and parks, and he is saying some very hard things about some of his colleagues—yes, by name, of course. He says asphalt is all very well, but that you can have too much of a good thing—that robots may not need trees and grass and flowers, but that civilized men and women do, and, above all, children.'

II

Amidst great applause a dozen boys and girls march up the hall and file on to the platform. Their spokesman, a boy of twelve or fourteen perhaps, ascends the rostrum with the utmost self-possession and delivers an eloquent and finished little speech of three or four minutes, without notes, without hesitation. Renewed and still louder applause. It seems that on behalf of the Young Pioneers he has been pleading for more attention by architects to the needs of children, especially to planning living quarters, however small these may have to be, so that young students can at any rate have an adequate table decently lit by day or night at which to do their homework.

Eyewash? Maybe—but how effective a way of airing a general grievance, of turning the architects' attention to the things the public at large—'the consumers of architecture'—are directly concerned about.

Other lay speakers make other demands, stress other shortcomings of the architects in playing their parts as specialist-citizens—hard knocks, some of them, fearlessly delivered with considerable fire and eloquence. Nor are the architects themselves behindhand in oratory or in the criticism of themselves and each other (again by name) and sometimes of the public, their client, though for the most part they seem ready enough to admit mistakes, their own perhaps a little less willingly than those of others.

Molotov, chairman of the People's Commissars' Council, stresses the importance of the architectural schools; the architect-guest from Denmark generally praises the new Metro and envies Moscow its free hand in planning, unhampered by 'compensation' or any private vested interests whatsoever. Then there is an exhilarating battle between the 'constructivists' and the classicists (it is the latter who are very much cock of the walk just now) and some diverting backchat between those who are all for every fashionable modern gadget just for novelty's sake, and the more realistic who say, 'Let us learn to provide the basic essentials generally, thoroughly and reliably, before we launch out into elaborate contraptions. Let us first insure that our ordinary windows are made to open

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and close properly before we go in for air conditioning, knowing well that the fans will soon get out of order and the ducts become choked with bats' nests.'

Frank Lloyd Wright, the distinguished American with whom I traveled out and who has had an immense influence on the modern architecture of the Continent, especially in Holland, is given a rousing reception and speaks of the architectural falsity of the American skyscraper—a falsity which he bravely dares to say he also detects in the project for the vast new Palace of the Soviets with its 120 elevators and 60 escalators, designed to be the tallest building in the world and to seat 20,000 in its main hall. We had a model of it in one of the conference galleries—rather like a gigantic Gothic wedding cake with Lenin taking the place of the usual Cupid on the top. This colossal statue of chromium steel is to be so large—well, I forget the statistics, but I know one could easily play badminton in its boots. It is a magnificent gesture of reverence and affection, but I doubt if it is architecture.

French, Scandinavian, Czechoslovakian, Turkish, Spanish, Dutch and other foreign architects all make their several contributions, applauding the astonishing Russian renaissance in general, but making their individual helpful criticisms.

Broadly speaking, I would say that they are everywhere—these Russians—doing the right thing, though not always very well. We, it would seem, are too often doing the wrong thing, but with the greatest skill and finish. Their mistakes in detail can for the most part be put to rights whenever they have the time to attend to them, whilst ours can only be removed by dynamite.

## IV. He Built a House

*By* Mikhail Zoshchenko

Translated from *Krokodil*, Moscow Satirical Weekly

THE house in which I am living was only recently built and is quite up-to-date. As far as its architectural qualities go, it's a mighty interesting edifice, obviously built with some warmth of spirit.

Each apartment has its own balcony. The windows are wide and a mighty stream of sunlight penetrates each cozy little apartment without difficulty. Everywhere you will find baths—and garbage pails. The staircase, too, was obviously planned with some warmth of feeling, but I find it a little narrow. When anyone moves in, the piano must be inserted through the window.

One of our gifted young composers suffered unmentionable tortures when his piano was being hoisted up to his apartment. And indeed the sight was quite unnatural. Particularly did he groan when it was being stuffed with great difficulty through the window. That was a true *moment musicale*. But the venture ended safely, thanks to the foresight of the architect in building large windows, obviously making an unconscious allowance for the needs of composers.

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Anyhow the piano was safely installed in the house, and the composer reverently began to practice on it. Thereupon the tenants of the floor beneath ran at a gallop to the house superintendent to complain, inasmuch as it was evident that the house had amazing acoustic qualities. The composer was playing *pianissimo*, but to his neighbors the music came so *fortissimo* that they thought the house was coming down!

As regards art, our house is particularly well equipped. Here and there you may see various stucco ornamentations—little garlands and disks, which caress the beholder's eye. And beginning with the third floor there stand two Greek columns, minding their own business, as the saying goes.

As a matter of fact, I am somewhat in a fog about the exact function of these columns. After all, a column should support something, but if you look dispassionately at these columns you find that they are not supporting anything at all. To be perfectly frank, they are to some extent themselves supported by the house. But then, I suppose, it is in a good cause since the antique art is fostered thereby. Of course, if such a brick monstrosity falls down, it would be a great blow to Greek architecture. But we must confess that nothing has happened so far, which goes to prove that the art of Hellas is deeply rooted among us!

The courtyard is also very original, for here, too, we have ancient art! But this time Roman influence is in the ascendant. One is reminded somewhat of the Roman summer baths, or of those inner courtyards of Pompei which were designed for domestic needs.

The courtyard's small size did not discourage our architect in his urge to create something outstanding. Exactly in the middle stands a fountain—a sort of basin with a stucco female figure holding an urn. And that produces a very pleasing sensation when you come home slightly under the weather.

All things considered, our house is well constructed, and when in the evening you go out on the balcony and look around, you feel that you are a representative tenant of our century.

### A Stylist in Sweden

'Rabbits, although, by air and rail, water and road, I traveled many hundred miles, I never saw at all, not one.'

—E. V. Lucas in 'A Voyage on the Gotha Canal,' *Cornhill Magazine*, London

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# NOTES AND COMMENTS

### An Eye for a Tooth

General Göring said the other day in Berlin in his speech: 'When German blood has been spilt, matters cannot be mended by the spilling of ink. It is blood that must flow!'

In accordance with these principles, a warship having been bombarded by airplanes, Germany replied immediately by bombarding an open city.

This sort of a reprisal reminds me somewhat of a little game in which, after having been pinched by one friend, you pinch the arm of another, saying to him slyly: 'Pass it on to your neighbor.'

If the dog of the house bites you, you kick the cat which lies purring in the sun, by way of reprisal.

An eye for a tooth, a tooth for an eye—such is the new and strictly modern formula for reprisal.

Your wife throws the soup plate in your face in the heat of a family discussion. Unhesitatingly you throw the salad plate at the head of your uncle Alfred.

That is a reprisal.

M. Maurice Prax tears you to pieces in one of his papers; you come bounding into the Rue Richelieu and energetically box the ears of M. Clement Vautel.

That is a reprisal.

Your cook has burned the mutton; in an access of rage, you fire the chauffeur.

That is a reprisal.

You hear Tino Rossi singing for the thousandth time *Violins in the Night;* you put away a tomato, and when it is nice and ripe, you throw it at Georges Thil.

That is a reprisal.

A prefect of police whom you particularly admire is demoted; you rush to the Place de la Concorde to burn a bus.

That is a reprisal.

M. Durand jostles you in the street and you slap M. Dumond's face. M. Dubois steps on your foot, and you tread on the favorite corn of M. Duval. You are the victim of Laval's decrees and you shout: 'Down with Blum!'

All these are reprisals!

—Roger Salardenne in *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

### Short Poems

Some time ago the *New Statesman and Nation* set as the subject of its weekly competition the famous short poem by W. N. Ewer:—

*How odd*
*Of God*
*To choose*
*The Jews.*

A three-way tie for the prize money was declared between the following efforts:—

*Were we,*
*Maybe,*
*Too odd*
*For God?*

*Why odd*
*Of God?*
*His Son*
*Was one.*

*Is the clue*
*To the whim*
*That the Jew*
*Chose Him?*

Honorable mention was given to the following:—

*O no,*
*It's not:*
*He knows*
*What's what.*

*And not*
*To 'spot'*
*The purer*
*Führer.*

*Tut, Tut,*
*'twas but*
*To shock*
*Belloc.*

*Wake up,*
*Jacob!*
*We're oddly*
*Godly!*

*These low*
*Bon mots*
*Amuse*
*The Jews.*

### Master of Arts

The Führer is not only the leader and patron of art but also the greatest master of German art.

—Adolf Wagner, Bavarian
Minister of Education

The dramatic harvest this year was very meager. I did not come across *one single* play that showed a spark of dramatic talent. I did not read any play—and I have read hundreds of manuscripts—that I could either praise, or at least hate, unreservedly. All new plays are the kind that will be forgotten in a few years. As far as style and subject are concerned, the plays are purely conventional. There is much history, but timely subjects are rare.

—H. C. Mettin in *Das innere Reich*, Munich

### Anthony, Sometimes Called Adverse

I have often wondered how much more secure the peace of Europe would be if Mr.

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Eden would buy a suit of clothes from Lord Cecil. I fancy, a good deal. For the Foreign Secretary suffers seriously from the perfection of his wardrobe. It is all wrong, of course. Nature chose to make him good-looking and he commits no crime in going to a tailor who knows how to cut and fit. But he evidently hardly realizes what an asset it is to a politician to look a little care-worn and *négligé*. A politician really tends to be discounted, absurd though it be, for being too well turned-out, the implication apparently being that a man who seems so much concerned over his appearance cannot be as concerned as he should be over greater matters.

—Janus in the *Spectator*, London

**Myopics Beware**

Shortsightedness is not merely the first stage of inherited blindness, but it also represents—in case it is a deformation of the eye—a reason for sterilization.

—Verdict of the Supreme Eugenics Court, Dresden

**A Born Leader**

In a tribute to the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Gerald Wollaston said:

'The Earl Marshal may be young, but he is a very great person indeed. He is a born leader of men, and he has, as all of you have witnessed at both the funeral and the Coronation, shown a great personality and a great capacity for taking part in these ceremonials.

'Not the least of his great qualities is that he entirely trusted those who served him, and he left to us who assisted him in the main the whole responsibility of running the ceremonial, and, while we were able to consult him at any moment, he never took up the flower to see how it was growing.'

—*Daily Telegraph*, London

**News That's Fit To Know**

You think of Mr. Chamberlain as a man who makes great and good speeches.

But there is another Mr. Chamberlain whom you would not recognize at a glance, the Mr. Chamberlain who puts on his slippers, smokes a pipe in the depths of an easy chair in his own snug room, with deep, satisfactory and private puffs, while his wife knits and talks to him or reads to him, to rest his tired eyes, news that she thinks he ought to know.

—*Sunday Times*, London

**Howls of Araby**

A friend of mine, who was born in Syria and knows the people of those parts like the fingers of his hand, having lived all his life among them, says that the Arab can no more grasp the idea of a human being being impartial than he can understand the theory of relativity. It just doesn't mean anything to him. So his attitude toward the proposed partition is neither critical nor appreciative. He just says to himself, 'We have stampeded the British into giving us nearly the whole of Palestine. One more push and we'll have the lot.' So we must expect that his howls of protest will be far louder and savager than those of the Jews, who, all things considered, have a deal more to howl about.

—Peter Simple in *Morning Post*, London

**An Axe to Grind**

The airplane today is an embodiment of modern civilization applying the principles of the industrial revolution to warfare and the means of warfare.

I believe that aviation is the best peace-bringing machine that has ever been invented. By aviation we shall wipe out the barriers between the different races.

—F. Handley Page, British aircraft manufacturer

The works of Handley Page, Ltd., during 1936 were almost entirely employed on the production of the company's new types of aircraft for R.A.F. squadrons.

The effect of this activity, arising from the Government's rearmament proposal and extension to the Air Force, is clearly shown in the balance on manufacturing account, which is £271,942, compared with £195,463 last year.

—*Daily Herald*, London

**Merely Postponed**

By striking first Stalin postponed the revolt. It will, however, come sooner or later.

—Alexander Kerenski, *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin

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# AS OTHERS SEE US

## British Visitors to New York

### E. F. Iddon

From the *Daily Express*, London

THE English accent business is rather interesting. They tell me there are one hundred thousand Englishmen in New York. That is a statistically established fact, yet wherever I go I am always introduced by kind friends as some sort of a rarity: 'Mr. Iddon is from England.' People then rush up to me and say, 'Oh, Mr. Idding, you must tell me all about Stanley Baldwin. Is it true that. . . ? And do the King and Queen really go in London stores and buy things just like ordinary people. . . ?' And so on.

Muster an English accent in this city and you are due for all sorts of homage. American people—New Yorkers anyway—are crazy about English things. Hotels, restaurants, business houses ape, copy, incorporate English ideas and customs. The newspapers devote columns of space to English news, English trends, opinions, ideas. People here talk about the English rapturously; they pull out distant English relations proudly.

IF YOU are not without vanity, and I am not, New York can be a very flattering place for an Englishman. The people are grand. They apologize for all the crime in the city—there are two murders daily on an average in New York—but they need not, for the crimes are scarcely ever committed by Americans. Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, Poles, Germans do the hold-ups, the stabbings, dynamiting, kidnapping and arson that smear the front pages.

WHAT they should apologize for is their overhead railway, which Wigan would not tolerate. This ramshackle affair screams over four of New York's avenues, making nightmare noises day and night. It is an eyesore and an abomination. The tracks are supported precariously, it seems to me, on rusty iron pillars into which taxicabs and lorries crash quite regularly. London has nothing so ugly and out-of-date as New York's overhead railway.

Or the street buses. They are old, noisy, ugly compared with London's. The underground trains are ramshackle and dirty, with poor seating accommodation. The stations are barn-like, whitewashed with the whitewash dirty, and have massive iron pillars supporting railings for herding passengers.

LET no American ever bring up Broadway again, either—you know, the Great White Way and all that. Broadway is a dirty, noisy, most vulgar bit of streeting.

It has never been white and it can never be great.

Its electric signs are hideous by day, only faintly tolerable by night. Its cinemas, with two or three exceptions, are neither as comfortable nor as palatial as London's. The people who parade about Broadway, however, are the most cosmopolitan crew in the world.

But Broadway isn't New York, and New York, so I am told over and over again, isn't America. Americans are very insistent about this. I think they are a little abashed and scared by their own New York.

## Eric Newton

From the *Manchester Guardian*

I'm beginning to fall in love with New York. She is vulgar and blatant; she worships superlatives; the elevated railway sounds like an avalanche of empty

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cans falling onto an old tin tray; the subway stations are sordid. But at the end of a week you begin to forget the vulgarity and noise, and you get caught up in her big-heartedness, her enthusiasm, and her vitality. Three months ago I thought New York intolerable. Now I find her irresistible.

JAMES AGATE

Dramatic Critic of the London *Sunday Times*

I am persuaded that 'Idiot's Delight' is the stuff Shaw would be writing today if he were sixty years younger. This means that I must regard Sherwood as the most significant of the younger playwrights on either side of the Atlantic. I do. I find the American public to be more theater-minded than the English. It is alive to its theater. It is at once receptive and critical. An American audience, though dull-looking, is quick-witted.

About the American stage as a whole I feel that it is immensely vital and open to new forms. Not only open but questing. This springs out of American sensitiveness to lack of a past. That which cannot vie with yesterday must be the surer of tomorrow. That which has never learned to walk must be the first to run. A drama which has no roots must be the first to flower. This may be poor physics and worse botany. But it is good human nature, and doubly good American human nature. Direct Emotion belongs to your old world, America says, and we cannot beat you at it. But what about Indirect Emotion? Have the Tragic Muse chew gum! Have the next Hamlet say: 'O what a louse and sonofabitch am I!'

PRODUCTION is invariably good. The general level of acting among the women is higher than in London, though I cannot hear of, and certainly have not seen, an Edith Evans. The quickfire comedians beat ours. Otherwise, and apart from Alfred Lunt, I have seen no actors. There is nobody over here with the quality of Charles Laughton, John Gielgud, Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Ion Swinley, Felix Aylmer, Frederick Leister, to mention only a few. Of the older school, there is no sign of a Martin-Harvey, a Seymour Hicks, or a Godfrey Tearle. The one exception to the foregoing is Burgess Meredith, of whom I think very highly. But they tell me he is limited to the type of romantic hick or hobo, and can speak no English outside the idiom of: 'Now what the hell ya suppose is eatin' them two guys?'

CALLED on Helen Hayes and found her to be a very bright, extremely intelligent little woman full of an inner distinction which looks out through a woe-begone pair of gray eyes, one of which is set wide apart from the nose.

THE sum of my impressions is like one of those kaleidoscopic, catherine-wheel shots with which the film depicts the mind of a man reeling under the bludgeon. The newcomer to this country should take care not to arrive in the morning, or else to choose some hotel remote from Broadway. At night the lighting—a blaze and a frenzy exceeding Piccadilly Circus and reaching to Knightsbridge—gives Broadway a certain garish splendor. By day it is a dreary succession of candy-stores, drugstores, cheap eating-houses, shoeshine parlors, hot-dog stalls, newspaper stalls, bars, tailors' shops, gambling booths, photographers, cheap jewelers and gimcrackery of all sorts. You have to wash the mind clean of Broadway before you can appreciate all that dignity and grace upon which it is a blot. For New York has been superbly planned. The streets are endless glades, and the sky-scrapers giant trees in a super-seemly forest.

HARLEM also has a unity. You are aware of the sense of family as soon as you turn

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out of Central Park into Seventh Avenue. Not a white face to be seen, and even the policemen are colored. Brown niggers, yellow niggers, pale niggers, black niggers. Gay niggers and sad niggers. Old niggers with white hair and spectacles, young niggers dressed to kill with their yellow shirts, lavender suits, patent leather shoes, huge cigars and carnations in their buttonholes. The girls are often extremely pretty, delicious little creatures with melting eyes and crimped, blue-black hair.

That part of the population which does not live out-of-doors hangs out of windows. It is largely vocal. The bucks lolling on the doorsteps chaff passing bucks; coal-black mammies exchange window confidences; piccaninnies play their shrill games under everybody's feet. A child-like, innocuous gaiety pervades the place, expressed in terms of rhythm through the radio pouring out of cafés, bars, taxis, beauty parlors and houses it would be absurd to call private. Everywhere the burr of soft speech and that sensuous appreciation which at night-time bathes the whole place in heliotrope lighting. An untinted glare is a solecism the Negro never commits. The American view of him? This is simplicity itself. The Negro does not exist.

H. G.

Theater Correspondent of the London *Observer*

The overwhelming advantage of New York theaters over London theaters is that they have an adventurous and alive audience, 'always seeking some new thing;' and that adventurous audiences beget adventurous managements.

The range of subject and interest of the New York stage boundlessly exceeds that of the London stage. London hailed Coronation Week with half-a-dozen light comedies, and very nearly a round dozen of crook plays. They were mostly good of their kind, the public likes and pays for them, and there is nothing to be said against them. But of plays with any deeper or more imaginative content, or plays that link the theater in any point of contact with the life of the average rate-payer—hardly a trace!

New York's better comedies have their counterparts on the London stage. Apart from differences of idiom, they would be understood and appreciated by British audiences. But there are also certain other plays, equally big and popular successes, that deal with such questions as slum streets, depressed areas, war, the education question and even why people pay more than they should for their electric light. All these would be patronizingly dismissed in London as 'propagandist' pieces, and relegated to a Sunday evening performance in an attic.

No; risking the slight sense of nausea that the word 'sociology' occasions in the well-bred London playgoer, there is no doubt that the American stage finds a place, and an important place, for sociological plays. It does not confine these to small 'group' theaters. It slaps them down boldly on Broadway and, by coupling them with high entertainment-value, makes them pay their way, and make high profits for their managements.

In London we seem to be forgetting how to do this. 'Love on the Dole,' a play with a burning application to life as it is lived by some millions of fellow human-beings, was a lonely exception, almost unique in its own decade. In New York, a play corresponding to 'Love on the Dole' is a commonplace.

New York listens to a great deal of rubbish in its theaters. But it also listens to a great deal of sense, and freedom of speech and opinion thrown into the bargain.

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# BOOKS ABROAD

## Demolition on Harley Street

The Citadel. *By A. J. Cronin. London: Gollancz. 1937.*

(James Agate in the *Daily Express*, London)

COME, come, Dr. Cronin! Since your book is about disingenuousness in the noblest profession, why permit yourself to be disingenuous? Why preface your novel with the note about every character, place, and institution in your book being entirely fictitious? Characters, yes; places and institutions, no.

Your attack on Harley Street is the most vigorous demolition of anything since Dickens. I understand what you are getting at. I know a doctor of that sort. No actor could put on the stage anything so magnificently grand and bland. His manner is more than bedside; it is graveyard. Unseen hearses walk in his wake, and when he removes his silk hat, seraphim, blowing trumpets, wreathe his brow. Yet I have always felt that if I went to this swell with measles he would amputate something, and that if one of my thumbs gathered he would poultice the other.

Now I have no doubt that in Harley Street there is here and there a doctor whose acquaintance with medicine is principally concerned with extorting huge fees for practicing it upon old women with whom there is nothing whatever the matter. But, my dear Dr. Cronin, there are rogues and humbugs in every profession, and the existence of shady solicitors is no reason why I should write a novel attacking the integrity of the law. Nevertheless I should probably do it if I could make my attack as entertaining as yours.

I would do it without too much compunction, *because I have never belonged to the legal profession.* But you, sir, do belong to the medical profession. And I think you should have exercised a little discretion. I think you should have added to your note something to this effect: 'Whilst the evil which this book exposes is deep, it must not be deduced that it is wide.'

You are perfectly entitled to draw a full-length picture of Dr. X who is a rogue, and I should quarrel less with your book if it gave the impression of two or three poisonous weeds in a fair garden. The impression it is more likely to give is that you regard everything in the Harley Street garden as rank, and that only the bone-setters and a few country practitioners are honest. This is nonsense.

However, you have written a very exciting and immensely readable story for which, I think, I could have invented a better title. I should have called it 'Smoke With Little Fire.'

## DR. CRONIN'S REPLY

(From the *Daily Express*, London)

IT IS edifying, not to say amusing, that some controversial questions raised in my novel *The Citadel* have already been aired in Belfast, where the British Medical Association has just been sitting in annual session.

The reviewers missed these points, but apparently the doctors didn't! In response to a telegram, two hundred copies of the book went to them at the conference on publication day.

Now, though I make no inference, they stopped ventilating their views on vitamins to discuss the criminal scandal of nurses' salaries, the lack of post-graduate study facilities for panel practitioners and —most significant of all—the question of whether young medicos really know their job. In this connection the president of the association expressed himself as being 'uneasy' about his fledglings. I do not wonder.

Recollecting my own early days, when, freshly hatched from my medical school,

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I faced the world with a chubby text-book confidence, I realize with real compunction what a danger to society I must have been. My first essay with the chloroform bottle nearly killed the patient. In my initial adventure in obstetrics I nearly killed myself. My instrumental training, you see, had entailed walking out once, before a ribald class, to apply forceps upon a dilapidated wooden model. The reality, at two o'clock of a murky Welsh morning, in the sweating back-bedroom of a miners' row, was less hilarious.

Strange as it may seem I have—despite the sound and the fury of the Press—a very genuine sympathy for those who now find themselves in like position, struggling alone to find their feet when, were the system differently organized, they would be given six months' 'breaking in' under the care of an experienced practitioner before their parchments were finally endorsed.

And it is this problem of the newly-qualified doctor, his difficulties and dilemmas, and above all his development in relation to the community, which is, in fact, the major thesis of *The Citadel*. In writing it, so close was it to my own experience, I let myself go as I had never done before. More than 300 of the book's 400-odd pages are devoted to it.

And yet, for the moment, at least many of my reviewers have carefully ignored these first 300 pages in favor of the final hundred. They have refused to see the wood for one particular tree, which is, I need not tell you, that blasted oak on Harley Heath.

I think Mr. James Agate, the dramatic critic, epitomizes this especial myopia when he dismissed the book as 'an attack on Harley Street.'

Since I have so often been diverted by the spectacle of the outraged author foaming at the mouth because some reviewer has misliked his book to the point of likening it to cow stomach, I have made the golden rule never to snap back. Nevertheless, in this instance, without such rabid antic, I might perhaps indicate to Mr. Agate what Mr. Agate has not indicated to his readers, namely, that the novel begins a long way before Harley Street and ends a little way beyond it, that it does attempt, however badly, to survey the general medical field, to picture conditions in nursing home and hospital, in research department, medical aid scheme and the remote country district, and that, far from being entirely a work of 'demolition,' it goes some way toward expounding a remedy in the shape of 'group' medicine, a doctrine I have advocated for many years.

If this is just an 'attack on Harley Street' I will eat Mr. Agate's hat. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Agate has overlooked his Euclid and taken the part for the whole—in which case it is he who is guilty of obliquity.

Mr. Agate quarrels with me for writing this book because I have belonged to the medical profession. I do not miss the nicety. *But surely no one but a doctor could have written it.*

Or am I wrong? Is it possible—on the principle that one may review a novel from glancing at the cover—to be medically authoritative from outside the profession on the strength, for instance, of knowing a few doctors at one's club? I cannot say. But I can say that everything in *The Citadel* is factual, the result of fifteen years spent *inside* the profession. And if you hold it to be 'nonsense,' I must disagree with you.

I honestly believe our medical system to be as dead as a doornail, as the dodo, as a play Mr. Agate has French-quoted to its doom. But what am I up against? That inestimable British virtue—inertia. You, my dear Mr. Agate, would be the first to admit the Blimpian mind; you admire Balzac, and I take you to be the very man to know the value of a cathartic. Need I say more?

And yet, when all is said and done, the melancholy fact remains that I have *not* attacked Harley Street, by which I mean

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your Harley Street and mine, the *good* Harley Street, typified in *The Citadel* by Dr. Robert Abbey (whom you forgot to mention in your review), a man who might stand as a composite portrait of many of the fine figures in medicine today.

What I have attacked is the *bogus* Harley Street, the rotten, pretentious humbuggery that deludes trusting people, pathetic evidence of which I can show you in letters which have avalanched upon me in these last few days.

I say to you, in all seriousness, that if half of this famous thoroughfare were bombed out of existence tomorrow, medicine, indeed all of us (as Tiny Tim remarked), would be better off.

In conclusion, my dear Mr. Agate, though your lancet was less sharp than usual, I wish to thank you, with all good feeling, for the operation you performed upon me. It was not successful, but the patient is doing well.

[The Citadel *will be published in America by Little, Brown and Company.*]

## Black Africa

Les Secrets de l'Afrique noire. *By Marcel Sauvage. Paris: Denoël. 1937.*

(Andrée Viollis in *Vendredi*, Paris)

AFTER *Terre d'Ebène* by Albert Londres, after the *Voyage au Congo* by André Gide, a book which is a landmark not only in the author's but also universal thought, showing as it does how the intelligence and sensitivity of a novelist are enriched when he touches reality—after these two books, here is another great book, ardent and generous, which deals with Black Africa and her secrets. Here, too, we can see how much kinship there is between the art of the novelist and that of the reporter and how the two may even be combined when a reporter possesses the lucid perception which, as Malraux puts it, helps him to 'compress straggling bits of information into a work of art.'

Marcel Sauvage, accompanied only by two native 'boys,' traveled through the Central Congo, Gabun, the Cameroons, the Chad and Ubangi-Shari regions—a territory larger by half than Europe. The author paints the virgin forests under floods, where 'trees in a desperate effort to live and survive shoot upward to the height of 88 feet,' the flaming bush, volcanic mountains and torrid lands where the burning air scorches one's eyelids, chaps one's lips and makes one's nose bleed. Against this background there emerge his characters, black and white.

Among the whites are many 'bastard sons of former seekers after adventure, who still retain the characteristics of the transplanted petty bourgeois, the stupidest, the most ferocious and most pretentious of the species,' but there are also others—exceptional types of unusual nobility and rarity. Some seek solitude and oblivion; others, feeling themselves cramped by Europe's mean and shabby existence, seek violent and desperate emotional escapes; still others are adventurers on the lookout for their prey, while some serve magnificently the mystic ideal of sacrifice and devotion.

There is old Dietz Halmann, twenty-eight years in Congo, a great hunter in the bush, racked by fever, hairy and covered with scars—'the caresses of apes, buffaloes and panthers.' There is Totor the Convict, who, loved and respected, rules five or six miserable tribes, whom he feeds and heals; his only weakness is that he cannot refrain from weeping at the thought that he may some day have to be 'rehabilitated.' There is the cowboy Marquis, an old Don Quixote who, upright on his stirrups, a staff in his hand instead of a lance, watches over his gigantic flock of 2,000 zebus. Above all there is Père Dahin, the oldest missionary in the Congo, Brazza's guide and companion, a peacemaker whose predominating traits of goodness and love of justice have won over thousands of savage hearts, but whose dying words, as he points to a

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negro kneeling by his bed, are 'We don't know them. . . . We shall never know them. . . .' His death and his burial in the small cemetery of Sainte Anne amid the banana and mango plantations that he himself had planted in the midst of hell are the most poignant scenes in the book.

But religion is not the only motive for heroism and sacrifice. What of the three doctors who, in the medical center of Ayos, that 'glade of horrors,' are putting up a magnificent fight against sleeping sickness, syphilis and leprosy? Every moment in danger of dying the most hideous of deaths, they fight with the small means at their command not only these scourges but also the indifference of the Administration, sacrificing a part of their own pay to supplement the funds so grudgingly given them.

I have seen the same thing in Indo-China; doctors, together with a few administrators, colonials and a small but growing number of officers, have freed themselves from red tape. They are comparatively little known but they are the true representatives of civilization, and they carry their white man's burden bravely and conscientiously. It is these pioneers, these heroes, who are able to preserve some moral prestige over the millions of blacks who swarm through the pages of the book.

And the blacks? An immense and pitiful nation of porters, workers on the plantations, workers whose bodies have marked every yard of the highways and railroads built across the bush. They are primitive people whose hearts are easy to win, who rarely can get sufficient food and who are crushed by the weight of superstitions. Their nightmare-like rites Marcel Sauvage describes in many unforgettable pages. They are mistreated and tortured not only by their white exploiters but also by the tyrants of their own race.

Marcel Sauvage takes us on a journey at once picturesque and terrifying through the courts and palaces of the black sultans: Hamatoukou, Sultan of Tibati, a sad drunkard who sleeps during the parleys; Bouba Djammah, merchant in eunuchs and slaves, a monstrous giant who looks as if he had been carved out of a block of ebony, a totalitarian dictator who wields over his subjects the right of life and death and abuses that right; the Lamido of Lere, a brutish owner of 300 wives; the amazing Sultan of Binder, a cultured man who writes stories and poems and reads the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. Finally we see the dreadful Bezo, lying dead drunk and naked in his own vomit; Bezo, a reprobate who sells thousands of his subjects, tyrannizes over the rest at will, starves his people and condemns entire villages to annihilation, but a great chief withal, honored by the higher Administration because he flatters and serves it.

This model of *reportage*, of which the author's fellow reporters should be proud, is an exciting record of adventures which the author experienced only at the daily risk of his life. It is written by a man who could see and, what is more, who could make others see, reflect and draw their own conclusions.

## Preparing Industry for War

Industrielle Mobilization. *Edited by Kurt Hesse. Sponsored by the Institut für Konjunkturforschung. Hamburg: Hanseatische Verlagsanstalt. 1937.*

(A Berlin Correspondent in the *National-Zeitung*, Basel)

HERE is a striking description of the immense task of economic preparation for defense which confronts the general staffs of all countries.

Under the slogan of 'protecting peace,' armament production all over the world has increased by leaps and bounds within the last decade. World expenditure on armaments, which in 1913 amounted to 10 billion marks, totaled in 1936—according to the estimate of the 'Institute for Business Cycle Research'—from 30 to 36

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billion marks. If armament production has increased to such an extent in peace time, how, the author asks, can industry that is totally unprepared function in war time? New developments in the armaments field and the changed technical conditions require detailed preparation for industrial mobilization. The current conception that industrial production can be switched overnight from peace-time requirements to those of war is a fatal error. War, because of its duration and its enormous consumption of materials, demands the most rigid control of the national economy.

According to American surveys a fully equipped army needs 35,000 different commodities. Keeping a modern soldier fully equipped at the front takes the labor of 17 workers at home. During the war each machine-gun requires 7 men behind the front. A light tank, which can be operated in battle by 2 men, requires 46 men behind the front, while an airplane with a crew consisting of a pilot and a gunner requires 60 men. The following are estimates of the amount of labor needed to produce important war materials:—

| *Item* | *Men laboring for one year* |
|---|---|
| Cruiser | 18,000 |
| Destroyer | 5,400 |
| Submarine | 4,000 |
| Mortar Battery (22 cm.) | 990 |
| Field Gun (10.5 cm.) | 495 |
| Field Howitzer (10 cm.) | 225 |
| Locomotive (by contrast) | 110 |

The figures for materials consumed are revealing. In Austria-Hungary, for instance, more rifles were actually lost during the War than were produced within that period. The loss in machine guns amounted almost to two-thirds of the entire supply. The life of an airplane during the War was estimated at from one to two months. Of 6,000 machines which the United States produced, 5,463 were lost for one reason or another. Russian sources estimate that monthly replacements of airplanes required in war time will amount to from 40 to 50 per cent, and from 30 to 40 per cent in the case of tanks. The necessity for economic preparations for war is heightened because of the transitional period which industries need to readjust themselves. The duration of this period may be estimated by the following facts: In the World War the average young American soldier could be trained in about five months. The mass production of material, however, could not be achieved for about 18 months. Even today American experts estimate the transitional period at from 12 to 20 months. English sources estimate that the large-scale production of shells will require from six to nine months, that of heavy artillery at least nine months.

During the World War the following were typical experiences: The American Brake Shoe and Foundry Company started to build a factory for the production of heavy artillery in July, 1917. Eight months passed before production started. Even the most complete technical preparation and experience cannot prevent loss of time as proved by the example of a firm at Nottingham which had turned out armaments even before the War. In July, 1915, this company received orders to build a government factory for the production of heavy artillery. Work began in August, 1915, but not until September, 1916, was it running at full capacity. When in June, 1917, the same firm had to change over production to a different calibre (15.2 cm. guns), 300 new machines were required, and it was about a year before the first gun of the new type went into action.

Of all the heavy artillery which the United States produced after its entry into the World War only four pieces reached the front—and then only 19 months after the declaration of war! Technical novelties naturally required an even longer period of preparation. After the approval of the blueprints the production of tanks still required 15 months in

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England, and still more time elapsed before the first tanks could be utilized.

The production of gas apparatus required 9 months on the average. Chemistry, too, was slow in catching up because of the extensions required in plant facilities. For the production of airplane motors at least one year is required before mass production of a new model is possible. The De Haviland plant constructed a new model in June, 1917, but the first plane was not ready until six months later and mass production was only possible late in 1918. The first 150 h.p. airplane motors of Hispano-Suiza, which were standardized and therefore easy to produce, needed 13 months for completion.

All in all, time for research and experiments is required in the case of a 'new' weapon. Only then are the factories built. These two factors mean a lapse of hardly less than nine months. Several more months pass before the plant is working at full capacity. In view of these facts one should beware of yielding to the 'magic of figures'—something the author emphasizes correctly. It is the task of the authorities who control the destiny of the nations to use statistics in such a way as to make the risk involved in attacking them seem as great as possible.

## Thomas on the Arabs

The Arabs. *By Bertram Thomas. London: Thornton Butterworth. 1937.*

(H. St. J. Philby in the *Observer*, London)

THE thirteenth centenary of the Arab conquest of Palestine and Syria passes unnoticed in a world all too prone to commemorate its red-letter days with pageantry. But Arabia is for the moment somewhat under a cloud. The Arabs are tiresome folk. We prefer the desert nights to the stark realism of the 'Days of the Arabs.'

Yet fate has intervened to celebrate the Arab imperial centenary with an Arab rebellion against the greatest Empire yet known to history. And accident—apparently accident, for none of the authors concerned seem to be conscious of the occasion—has provided a subsidiary celebration in quite a little spate of books dealing with various aspects of Arab history. Four volumes of this kind have appeared during the last few months, the last of them being the subject of this notice—*The Arabs*, by Bertram Thomas, who, as he reminds us near the end of his work, was 'the first European to penetrate the depths' of the Empty Quarter.

Mr. Thomas addresses the general reader rather than the expert. His aim is to provide a life-story rather than a history of 'the Arab people.' The distinction is subtle, but serves somewhat to disarm criticism, as also does the surmisable fact that the book itself is a revised and expanded version of the Lowell Lectures delivered at Boston by the author in 1935.

A historian should surely take every possible precaution against protruding himself and his reminiscences into his pages. By this standard Mr. Thomas is a bad offender. 'The writer,' 'the present writer,' and the simple 'I' occur far too frequently to satisfy the classical canons of Clio, but Mr. Thomas goes even further than that. He invites us to regard the Nabataean Syllaeus and the princes of Lagash as his professional predecessors at various stages of his career as a political officer. There is evidently a strain of egoism in Mr. Thomas, which is even carried into the 'researches' which, as he tells us, form the background of his volume. He gives us a list of some forty works to which he acknowledges a special debt and it is really rather astonishing to observe that the list includes only three works by a writer with first-hand knowledge of Arabia. And those three are the works of Mr. Thomas! Is it possible to believe that he owes nothing to Niebuhr, Burckardt, Burton, Huber (whom he wrongly describes as a professing Moslem), Musil, Blunt, Doughty and others?

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Strangely enough it *is* just possible to believe it. Mr. Thomas's work (making all allowance for its lecture-room origin) strikes one as being ill-balanced. He devotes twenty-six pages to the post-War troubles of Palestine, but dismisses the two centuries of Wahabi history (culminating in the modern Kingdom of Saudi Arabia) in a fifth of that space to make room for a two-page discourse on the technique of pearl-fishing. He never so much as mentions the war of 1934 between Saudi Arabia and the Yemen. Nor the tension, now happily relaxed, between Egypt and the Wahabi State over the Mahmal problem. Nor the oil and gold developments which have been the outstanding feature of peninsular Arabian history in recent times. Nor the immense development of motor traffic, wireless communications and the like during the past decade.

The most satisfactory part of the book is certainly Mr. Thomas's summary of the culture, arts and sciences of the Arab world during the period of the Empire when patronage rather than inspiration was the Arab contribution to the progress of civilization. Islamic law was and is less static than he suggests. The *Sharia* is, of course, fundamental, being the law of God. But to this day, as through the ages, special circumstances produce the ordinances appropriate to the time and place of their enactment. Non-Moslem economic coöperation produced the now discarded Capitulations. Concessions for the exploitation of mineral resources in a still exclusive Arabia give birth to the laws intended to govern their operation. Mr. Thomas takes and justifies a favorable view of the position of women and slaves in the Arabian system, but he errs in stating that the triple formula of divorce must be uttered in instalments at intervals of a month. A single minute suffices for the operation, and the three months' period of waiting imposed on the woman before remarriage has nothing to do with any possible reconciliation. The formula once pronounced, the husband cannot take back his divorced wife until she has been married to and divorced by another man or become a widow.

As for the arts and sciences, Mr. Thomas does not allow them peninsular origin. 'The Arabs,' according to him, 'were an artless people.' He thinks that their lack of 'learning was, perhaps, an advantage.' These views are, of course, completely orthodox and may be correct. We still know nothing of the origins of Sabæan art and civilization. Writing was a common accomplishment in their days and afterwards (Himyarite, proto-Arabic, Nabataean, etc.), but they had only stone to write on and obviously could not carry their books about with them. Their religion derived from the heavenly bodies, and therefore necessitated some knowledge of astronomy. The very ban of Islam on graven images suggests a predilection for sculpture and temple architecture. Domestic architecture, too, had some original features which have survived to our times and are not quite like anything to be found outside Arabia. It is, perhaps, a pity that Mr. Thomas has not attempted a tentative reconstruction of the pre-Islamic artistic make-up of Arabia.

To summarize the book very briefly in conclusion—it is not so much a life-story of the Arab people as an impressionist study of the world in general as it was in medieval times with the Arabs appearing at intervals as a *leitmotiv*. At times this *motiv* is rather dragged in to disturb the smooth flow of the stream of human progress. And throughout the tale—at any rate, from the collapse of the Medina Caliphate to the Great War—Arabia itself is ignored and neglected. The 'Arab without' is placed in the limelight, but one would like to have a glimpse behind the scenes. The 'Arab within' will show us what has been happening there one of these days.

[The Arabs *will be published in America by Doubleday, Doran and Company.*]

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# OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

WE COVER THE WORLD. *By Fifteen Foreign Correspondents. Edited by Eugene Lyons. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1937. 441 pages. $3.00.*

SENTENCED TO ADVENTURE. *By Serge Zolo. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1937. 282 pages. $2.50.*

WHAT events and circumstances loom largest in the memories of those whose task it is to report the vibrations of this tempestuous world? The question is answered for us once again in these reminiscences of newspapermen who became adventurers and of adventurers who became newspapermen. Any reporter of experience can summon to mind one or more episodes which, retold with journalistic skill, will present him in a spectacular, even dashing, image. Similarly any reporter of intelligence has encountered situations, problems or theses which have moved him to contemplation and shaped his methods of thought. Freed of the twin spectres of deadlines and editorial pencils, will he be more enchanted by the sudden wide perspectives of the history he has viewed, or by his own reflection amid those of dictators, kings and clowns? That will depend entirely on his temperament, his balance of objectivity and egoism.

In *We Cover the World*, fifteen reporters—sixteen counting Mr. Lyons, who, in addition to his introduction, contributes a chapter on Persia—set forth both personal adventure and intelligent analysis of the foreign scene. The egoistic and interpretative points of view are about evenly divided, and both make good reading. It would be hard to find livelier journalistic melodrama than that recorded by Frazier Hunt, Mary Knight and James A. Mills; or more thoughtful and informative discussions of differing national philosophies than those on Russia by William Henry Chamberlin, on Japan by Frank H. Hedges and on China by Randall Gould. Excitement and a point of view blend in nice proportion in Negley Farson's 'Indian Hate Lyric,' Linton Wells's 'The Rape of Ethiopia,' George Seldes's 'Nations in Straightjackets' and Hallett Abend's 'Ten Years in the Orient.' Amid the variety of this volume runs a *leitmotif* that appears in some part of nearly every chapter—a complete disgust with censorship as practiced in divers forms by the governments of Europe, Asia and South America. There are other common themes too: gratitude for the survival of a free press and democratic forms of government in a few corners of the globe, cynical distrust of soldiers and statesmen, a profound distaste for imperialism whether it be Japanese, Italian or British and utter hatred of suppression and all types of physical and mental cruelty. The sum total of their observations leaves one with the persuasion that the world 'We' cover is a sad, chaotic and thoroughly heartless sphere.

Mr. Zolo's memoirs contain little or no reflection and an almost unbelievable amount of action. The author is probably one of the most complete extroverts who ever undertook to publish the story of his life. If failure to synthesize experience be a sin against one's reason, Mr. Zolo may be pardoned, for destiny never gave him a chance to ponder; it whirled him through three decades of existence at such a fantastic pace that whatever impressions he amassed were invariably smothered by the avalanche of those that followed. Some hint of the character of his life may be gained from the fact that he went through three shipwrecks, more than the just quota of a professional mariner, in his very brief career: one in an autumn gale on the Arctic Ocean, the second amid flames in a North Canadian lake and the third during a hurricane in the South Seas.

Son of a general in the Imperial Russian army and reared as an aristocrat, Serge Zolo heard the guns of the revolution thunder about his head when he was still a cadet in Petrograd. He escaped with his mother and stepfather across the frontier to Sweden and thence to England. The drabness of London closed about him. He hated his school and at the age of seventeen he bade his mother farewell and crossed to Canada. In the years that followed he served in turn as Arctic postman for the Hudson's Bay Company, mounted policeman for the Province of Alberta, second mate of a rum-runner off the California coast, engineer of a southern Pacific freighter, war correspondent in Shanghai and staff reporter in Montreal.

Not till the very end does he indicate that he

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ever formulated any views on anything. In the final Montreal chapters he permits himself some criticism of the stupidity, hypocrisy and greed he found in Canadian government and social circles. It is perhaps significant that he reports that he was assailed by Montreal officials as a radical, and he does not deny the charge. Nowhere in his travels does he exorcise the ghost of his aristocratic antecedents or express any hostility toward the Soviet Union. He is sometimes unscrupulous but never arrogant. The simplicity and modesty with which he relates his frequently harrowing exploits are far more becoming than the high-powered dramatic fervor with which other writing adventurers have adorned their tales. In places, however, his style is so clipped and stark that what might have been intended as artistic understatement often holds little or no emotional force. But prose such as this hastens the tempo of reading and the torrential course of Mr. Zolo's wanderings does not permit loitering. One only wishes that he might have paused from time to time to look about him.

—Lincoln Barnett

The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism. *By Robert A. Brady. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. 420 pages. $3.00.*

PEOPLE everywhere ask the meaning of Fascism. Professor Brady gives the answer in this study of Nazi institutions. More accurately, the answer is given unmistakably by the leaders of the Third Reich themselves (and elsewhere in the world by all the partisans of a shaken economic order). For their words and purposes are the materials of Professor Brady's analysis. The result is a highly significant book, clearly written and carefully organized.

National Socialism came to Germany not as a revolution but as a preventive of revolution. The drift of events in post-War Germany was toward sweeping social reorganization, toward dispossession of the old order of vested interests. The Nazi movement was the weapon of counter-revolution, wielded ostensibly in the interest of the petty bourgeoisie, actually in that of the industrialists, financiers and big landowners. Its mission was violently to rebuild the façade of the existing State in order to dissipate the threat to its foundations.

Professor Brady's book shows in detail how National Socialism has 'proceeded to fulfill the wishes of those who sponsored its assumption of power.' Its task is to bolster up the institutions of profit-seeking enterprise by smashing all opposition to the existing order and *at the same time* cultivating a servile obedience in the mind of the masses. In the language of its leaders, it must 'suppress the materialism which gave rise to demands for improved standards of living, and instead, "divert the gaze of the masses to the spiritual values of the nation." . . . The plan is not only to "divert the gaze of the masses" from material values but also to educate and accustom them from early youth onward to find in "ideals" the substitute for more bread.' To this end, science becomes the handmaiden of inspired truth (and Professor Brady points out how easily the scientist can be 'coördinated'), the arts and education become tools of propaganda, labor follows where capital leads, youths learn the discipline of war and women the discipline of cradle, kitchen and plough. This conditioning process in the end must make the laborer of factory and field 'do whatever the employer tells him. He must work without murmur or complaint, for whatever wage or other terms this self-appointed Leader may establish.' And the employer's objective is profit-making.

Professor Brady shows that the essential spirit and organization of the Nazi system is not new. It is 'nothing more than an extension to the nation at large of the rules, the behavior patterns and the points of view of the ordinary autocratically governed business enterprise, nothing more — with this exception, that it adds thereto power to enforce complete conformity with its point of view on the part of all members of the community, regardless of class, station, or interest.' It is the régime of 'business enterprise organized on a monopoly basis, and in full command of all the military, police, legal and propaganda power of the state.' This is German Nazism and it is Italian Fascism. It is the ultimate meaning of forces which strive elsewhere, more and more consciously and aggressively, to thrust aside the rising threat to the capitalist system. But Fascism provides no escape from the dilemma of capitalism. Rather, it perpetuates capitalism's basic contradiction, and immensely increases the danger of war. This is no escape, unless war and its aftermath can be considered a suicidal way out.

The broad lesson of Professor Brady's study is in his concluding chapter, where he sketches

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the 'looming shadow of Fascism over the world.' 'In the face of growing labor militancy and its stated or implied thrust at the heart of the capitalist system, what sort of a politico-economic system can the business men be expected to promote? The answer is inescapable by all the logic of the past quarter-century. *Fascism.* And Fascism is a term applied to the wedding of a *condition* and a *myth*. The *condition* represents no more than formal extension, through the employment of the machinery of the State, of the leading principles of business-as-usual to encompass the entire population. And the *myth* is that interpretation of the business case which is designed to gain popular support.' The materials for both condition and myth, Professor Brady warns, are all too available in the United States. The 'shadow' can be dispelled only by 'sweeping away the very foundations on which Fascism constructs its brittle edifice. If the world-wide Fascist trend of things is to be reversed, what is left of democracy must be reinforced and the sweep of the tide turned. But this means an erosion of Fascist foundations, not by humanizing business enterprise, but by arraying together all those forces whose face is turned the other way.'

—Carl T. Schmidt

Hitler's Drive to the East. *By F. Elwyn Jones. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1937. 130 pages. $1.00.*

THIS book covers a field which has been extensively described in The Living Age in the past year. The new German *Drang nach Osten*, as Mr. Jones remarks, is 'not a new feature of German diplomacy. It was, indeed, the immediate cause of the outbreak of the Great War. Herr Hitler has done no more than step into the shoes of Emperor Wilhelm. What is new is the technique that is being applied. For the Nazi system of penetration into the smaller States is more systematic and more ruthless than imperialist diplomacy.' Germany before 1914 had no one comparable to Dr. Schacht, nor any scheme for bringing small States under her influence as ingenious as Schacht's 'hazelnuts for guns' formula. Instead of subjecting these States by lending them money—the oldest of imperialist tricks—the German economic dictator has reversed the process. He buys so many 'hazelnuts' from Bulgaria on credit that the latter, in order to get even part payment for them, must buy Krupp's cannons. This curious process Mr. Jones describes with a wealth of statistics. With an equal abundance of detail—at times rather lurid—he proceeds to paint in the rest of the picture: the Nazi network in Czechoslovakia and the Balkans, the growth of Fascism in Hungary, Bulgaria, Greece and Rumania and the sufferings of democratic and anti-Fascist elements in Rumania.

This is the first book to offer a survey of this important development and it will remain as an indispensable handbook on the subject for students and teachers, at least until a more thorough one appears. And it may be hoped that one will. For Mr. Jones's work, while sincere and one containing valuable information, is no more than a hastily written sketch. This reviewer pretends to no exhaustive knowledge of the subject, but from material that has appeared in The Living Age and elsewhere, he feels it necessary to point out a number of gaps or ill-supported conclusions in Mr. Jones's account. It seems premature to argue that a real rapprochement has taken place between Poland and Czechoslovakia. No study of the connections between Henlein, the leader of the Nazi German minority in Czechoslovakia, and the Reich should omit mention of Henlein's libel suit against the *Prager Presse* with its startling revelations. The Krupp contract in Yugoslavia, as a matter of fact, constituted a double victory, as it was German industry's first real invasion of the heavy industry of this country and the outbidding of Czechoslovakia's Skoda Works which had hitherto dominated this market in the Little Entente States. Among the relieving circumstances of the German Nazi movement in Czechoslovakia, the Activist (German Socialist and German Agrarian Parties) counter-attack demands attention; while among the Fascist forces the power of the pro-German Agrarian boss, Dr. Kahanek, is significant (See Robert Dell's article in the *Nation* of May 20, 1937). If one can believe the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent, the Metaxas dictatorship in Greece possesses much less strength than Mr. Jones suggests and the influence of the King still remains potentially strong. His description of the Nazi penetration in Hungary neglects to describe the important rôle played by the I. G. Farbenindustrie. Finally, the book contains some rather emotional appeals in behalf of the anti-Fascist front and a lot of

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variously assorted and by no means convincing data on the underground movement in Germany, German rearmament and anti-Fascist manifestations in Italy, none of which seem to be consonant with the theme of the book.

—FRANK C. HANIGHEN

T. E. LAWRENCE BY HIS FRIENDS. *Edited by A. W. Lawrence. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 1937. 538 pages. $4.00.*

EDITED by A. W. Lawrence, the youngest brother of Lawrence 'of Arabia,' this book is an enthrallingly interesting tribute to an extraordinary character. Indeed, it would be a boon if its method should set a fashion in biography. Through the eyes and minds of many people—top-notchers in art, literature and affairs, soldiers of every rank, relatives and friends who knew Lawrence at different epochs of his fantastic career—we get a series of glimpses of the man which make up a truer and far more complete portrait than could have been achieved by more ordinary means. All have put their particular Lawrence on paper and the result brings us very close to him. One thing that stands out in these recollections by so many hands is the excellent quality of the writing, not only in the contributions by literary figures, but particularly in those of the professional soldiers. It fills one with hope for a peaceful world, to mark how admirably the sword gives way to the pen.

Not that every word is hero-worship. Among others, Bernard Shaw, Winston Churchill and E. M. Forster speak plainly of certain aspects of the behavior of the Arabs' hero; the sole point on which his friends, great and obscure, agree is that he commanded the respect of those who knew him and served with him not only for what he had done and could do, but for what he was. And there is ample evidence that he inspired not only admiration, but also deep affection.

It was perhaps in his attitude toward the general public interest in him that Lawrence was most an enigma to his admirers, and many paragraphs are devoted to denying that he loved to attract attention, or to explaining away his queer attitude toward publicity. Sir Leonard Woolley, with whom he worked early in his career at Carchemish, speaks of the fondness for dressing up which he had and 'perhaps never got over,' and of his 'essential immaturity.'

Perhaps Professor Namier gives the best explanation of the contradictions in his character, together with a hint of the source of the impulses that led Lawrence to prefer anonymity to the exalted career that might have been his: 'He was retiring and yet craved to be seen, he was sincerely shy and naïvely exhibitionist. He had to rise above others, and then humble himself, and in his self-inflicted humiliation demonstrate his superiority. It was a mysterious game which he had started long before he became a private. It amused or puzzled some, annoyed or put off others; he himself enjoyed it in a quaint, whimsical manner. A deep cleavage in his own life lay at the root of it.'

He seems always to have been unsure of himself and of his own secure achievements. He engineered and led the Arab revolt, then put it behind him as a closed chapter. It had disastrous effects on him, bringing him close to madness. Yet he wrote a great book about it, but refused to profit by what he deemed blood-money. He rejected (or pretended to reject) recognition of his literary genius. More than most of us, he was a sorry tangle of motives and impulses, and if the conflicts that bewilder and harass ordinary men assumed unusual proportions in him, because of his exceptional qualities of mind and spirit, it is little wonder that he should have sought unusual means of deliverance. This book brings home to us anew the pity that such a man's life should have come to an untimely end.

—HENRY BENNETT

WORLD FINANCE, 1935–1937. *By Paul Einzig. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 342 pages. $3.00.*

HERE Dr. Einzig brings up to date his survey of world financial history, his previous study having covered the period from 1914 to 1935. The years now under review were important for they witnessed the collapse of the Gold Bloc and saw the forces for devaluation triumph over those for deflation. Dr. Einzig devotes much attention to the fate of the French franc and to the factors which finally led to its devaluation. He also reviews briefly conditions in the United States and Great Britain with an eye on the effects which devaluation has had in these countries. The progress of reflation (the word inflation is for the most part avoided) is traced. In the closing chapters, the author gives his opinions on

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what the future holds in the way of further monetary changes.

The book contains a great deal of information but it is highly argumentative at times, so much so that it might have been given a title more descriptive of its contents. It might better have been called 'The Virtues of Devaluation,' or 'Devaluation—A Cure-All.' From this the reader may gather that Dr. Einzig thoroughly believes in devaluation. For example, in reviewing the Swiss banking crisis he says: 'The obvious defense against such a menace would have been the devaluation of the Swiss franc. Just as it was capable of stopping an acute banking crisis in the United States and in Belgium, it would have been capable of reversing the menacing trend in Swiss banking. The Government would have been in a position to change the trend with a stroke of the pen but refused to do so.' He attributes improvement in nearly everything to devaluation and seems to think that most orthodox economists are a shortsighted and stupid lot. As a result many readers will find the book highly irritating. Others, who incline to Dr. Einzig's view of devaluation, will find it stimulating.

—H. E. HANSEN

SERVE IT FORTH. *By M. F. K. Fisher. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1937. 253 pages. $2.50.*

VOLTAIRE said, 'There is only one thing we can do thrice a day, every day in the year, and still enjoy.' But in these days of cafeterias and hot dog stands one wonders how much enjoyment is found by those who thrice a day eat food that fills the stomach without delighting the palate.

God created us in material bodies that have to be fed and He gave us a sense of taste that would enable us to enjoy the many forms of food that are available. Unfortunately, the persons who write books about food and eating usually belong to that species of insufferable bores who are known to most of us as food faddists. They generally spend their time trying to frighten us into their way of thinking by telling us about all the diseases contracted by those who eat the things most of us like. Having found out 'something' about vitamins, they would have us order a meal as a doctor would write a prescription. They ruin the digestion by fear—fear that we have not had sufficient X or some other vitamin, entirely ignoring the fact that no one knows how much of any particular vitamin is necessary for any particular person.

No touch of the food faddist mars M. F. K. Fisher's *Serve it Forth*, an entertaining book about food that will charm both those who eat the food prepared by others and those who delight in preparing food for their families and friends. Mrs. Fisher writes in a witty and interesting manner of man's eating habits from the days of Apicius (70 B.C.) up to the present generation, and she refers to some of the ancient gourmets as being 'as callous to the harmonies of taste as any American hot-dog-gobbler or English connoisseur of teashop Cornish pasties.'

The author's purpose is not to give practical information about cooking but rather to stimulate a desire for good food. It holds the reader's interest from cover to cover as she relates stories of the past, of banquets that cost millions sterling in the days of ancient Greece and Rome. Then she describes the ideal little dinner party of the present day, with two or four well chosen guests who should 'above all, possess the rare gift of sitting. They should be able, no, eager, to sit for hours—three, four, six—over a meal of soup and wine and cheese, as well as one of twenty fabulous courses. . . . Then with good friends of such attributes and good food on the board and good wine in the pitcher, we may well ask, when shall we live if not now?'

No entertainment can compare with a little dinner party in the home when the artist at the range also presides at the table. Mrs. Fisher's book, *Serve it Forth*, should help to bring about a better appreciation of good food.

—THE MYSTERY CHEF

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# WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

DURING the late Summer, when organizations interested in promoting peace and a better understanding of world affairs appear to be comparatively inactive, they are in fact engaged in their most important work, namely, resurveying the problem they are trying to solve and planning in detail their fall and winter campaign. The ideals to which they hold do not change but their educational methods must be altered from time to time because of circumstances at home and abroad. In the next issue of THE LIVING AGE we shall be able to give the new programs of the larger organizations.

ONE fall program has already been announced: that of the National Committee for Religion and Welfare Recovery (National Headquarters at 60 East 42nd Street, New York City). The two major points of the program will be 'the development of a strong united religious front, and a coördinated stewardship appeal to Americans of all classes to administer their lives and property for the common good.' In a 'mobilization of the spiritual forces of America,' in which many national men's and women's clubs and fraternal groups will participate, there will be a Fellowship Week with appropriate programs beginning on September 27th, followed by Loyalty Days on October 2nd and 3rd. This organization is composed of some 400 Catholic, Protestant and Jewish leaders of the nation, and its significant aim: 'coöperating for the purpose of meeting the present-day sweep of secularism, materialism and racial and religious prejudice . . .'

THE National Council for Prevention of War (532 17th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.) in its weekly news letter states that 173 out of the necessary 218 House members have signed the petition to report out of committee the Ludlow Resolution requiring a referendum before the United States can declare war except in the event of invasion. The Council urges that pressure on Congressmen be continued until the resolution reaches the floor of the House. It suggests that Representatives be asked to oppose the construction of any more battleships and the Pittman-McReynolds bill banning peaceful picketing in the vicinity of embassies and legations in the city of Washington. In view of the dangerous situation in North China, the Council and many other organizations stress the wisdom of withdrawing United States troops from Peiping and Tientsin.

### FACTS

Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40th Street, New York City): 17 branches; 15,000 members.

League of Nations Association (8 West 40th Street, New York City): 21 branches; 10,000 members.

English Speaking Union (19 West 44th Street, New York City): 35 branches; 15,000 members.

American League Against War and Fascism (268 Fourth Avenue, New York City): 100 branches; 8,000 members; 125 affiliated organizations with membership of 3,250,000.

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## THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

poet and a novelist. His observations on a recent trip to Athens spurred him to denounce the tyrannical rule of 'Hitler's Greek Disciple.' [p. 52] A rebuttal is presented by none other than the 'Disciple' himself, General John Metaxas, in 'My People Are With Me.' [p. 55]

LAST year 45,000 whales were slaughtered in Antarctic waters. Realizing that the species, and the profits from whaling, would soon disappear if this rate were maintained for even a few more years, the whaling nations have agreed upon protective measures. These are described by James Blake in the article, 'Help for Moby Dick.' [p. 57]

BEHIND the reluctance of those who are responsible for China's policy toward Japan—and possibly for her fate—to defy her tormentor, lie the bald facts of China's economic weakness. Two months before the Marco Polo Bridge Incident of July 7th, Dr. Franklin L. Ho, Director of the Political Department of the Executive Yuan, painted in stark tones the unfavorable position of the country in an address to the Nanking Rotary Club. We reprint his survey in 'Three Cycles of Cathay.' [p. 61]

Across the China Sea, powerful Japanese circles are demanding that China be taught her place once and for all time. Yet in Japan the small but energetic labor movement and its political counterpart, the Social Mass Party, stand sincerely against militarism. Mitsu Kohno, one of the Party's representatives in the Diet, describes the aims and importance of these groups in his article, 'Mass Stirrings in Japan.' [p. 64]

'SATIRISTS' CORNER,' is a section of short pieces. [p. 69] Professor Gilbert Murray somewhat acidly revises the Covenant of the League to make it more acceptable to certain unnamed but quite recognizable Powers; Roda Roda, a German humorist who was formerly on the staff of *Simplicissimus* and now lives in exile, pokes fun at statesmen; Mikhail Zoshchenko, familiar to our readers as the leading humorist of Soviet Russia, describes the potpourri of architectural ideas that found embodiment in his apartment house; and Clough Williams-Ellis, an eminent British architect, recalls his visit to the Soviet Architects' Congress.

OUR 'Persons' this month are Leslie Hore-Belisha, Great Britain's Jewish Minister of War, who is said to have been chosen for the post because of his ability to lure unwarlike young Britons into the Army [p. 39]; 'Francfinder' Bonnet, the sorely-pressed French Minister of Finance [p. 41]; Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli, called 'Papabile' by those who believe that he will be chosen to succeed Pius XI [p. 43]; and 'Happy Hepburn,' the dynamic Premier of Ontario. [p. 45]

A NUMBER of British journalists have visited New York in recent months, and we have devoted our department, 'As Others See Us,' to a selection from the comments they wrote and cabled home. [p. 78]

OUR own reviewers include Lincoln Barnett, of the *Herald Tribune;* Carl T. Schmidt, instructor at Columbia, whose book, *Agriculture Under Fascism*, will soon be issued by the Columbia University Press; Frank C. Hanighen, co-author of *Merchants of Death*, who is now preparing a book entitled *Gates of War* that will be published by Modern Age in December; Henry Bennett, free-lance writer and reviewer; H. E. Hansen, associate editor of the *Annalist;* and The Mystery Chef, well-known writer and radio commentator on the culinary arts.

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